POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

MRS. MAYBRICK ARRESTED BY SUPERINTENDENT BRYNING.

Vol. I.—No. 9.

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea,
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—Act IV., Sc. I.

CHAPTER III.

ON Mr. Michael Maybrick's return he told Mrs. Maybrick that he was rather suspicious about the case, and again urged the necessity for extra nurses. Later in the day he chatted further with Nurse Gore, and several little things which had struck her as curious bore for him a more sinister significance. That evening more nurses were sent for, and the case passed out of Mrs. Maybrick's hands, as far as the administering of food and medicine was concerned.

When the two doctors called on Thursday, the 9th, they found Mr. Maybrick a little better, but the distressing symptoms known to medical men as tenesmus—a violent but futile straining—had made its appearance and rather alarmed them. In the course of the morning two more nurses, Callery and Wilson, arrived, and regular turns of duty were laid down by Nurse Gore, who was acting as matron of the little private hospital.

Mrs. Maybrick seems to have resented this very much, for she made confidantes of her cook and of Alice Yapp, to whom she said that she was blamed by Mr. Michael Maybrick for her husband's illness. The maids were astonished at this and tried to sympathise with their mistress, but Alice Yapp did not tell her that she had not posted her letter, but had given it to her brother-in-law instead.

As was but natural, Mrs. Maybrick wanted to be about her husband's bed of sickness as much as possible, and, although it had been thought advisable that he should be attended to by trained nurses, there was nothing to hinder her from being in his room and talking to him. Of this concession she readily took advantage, but, unfortunately, did not confine herself to mere talking and soothing her forgiving husband.

Coming into the sick-room next morning, Mr. Michael Maybrick saw his sister-in-law tampering with a bottle of medicine. He turned to her and said:

"What are you doing, Florence? You know that James must only take medicine from the nurses."

"I am only taking away some sediment which is in the bottle and which he finds it hard to swallow," replied Mrs. Maybrick.

"But why are you putting a fresh label on the bottle?" pursued Mr. Michael.

"I changed the medicine into this bottle as I could not shake it when in the other small phial," was the answer.

This did not satisfy Mr. Maybrick, and he at once seized the bottle of mixture and sent out to the chemist for a fresh bottle to be made up. Wishing to avoid any risk of further alterations of medicine, Mr. Michael Maybrick thought himself justified in mentioning his suspicons to Nurse Gore, which he accordingly did.

She watched her charge very carefully and allowed nothing to be given to him except by her own assistants, in whom she had the fullest confidence. That forenoon, while she was attending to her patient, she noticed Mrs. Maybrick cover a small bottle of Valentine's meat juice with her hand and a moment or two later walk into the adjoining dressing-room. The meat juice was not left on the table. Presently she saw Mrs. Maybrick come back, holding the small bottle in her left hand and apparently shielding it with her right. She spoke to her about some ordinary topic, and Mrs. Maybrick replied, and, while talking, managed to replace the bottle on the table.

Shortly after this Mr. Michael Maybrick came in, and Nurse Gore told him what she had seen. For precaution Mr. Maybrick took charge of the bottle and sealed it up in the presence of his brother Edwin. He also removed from the sick-room half a bottle of brandy, which he likewise sealed.

Later the same day the nurse entered the bedroom just as Mrs. Maybrick was bringing some medicine in a glass to her husband. Nurse Gore took it away from her and said that she wanted the glass to give Mr. Maybrick some nourishment and that, accordingly, he had better not have any medicine just then. Mrs. Maybrick remarked that he could have it later, but the nurse wanted to use the glass, and threw the medicine down the sink in the housemaid's closet on the landing.

Mr. Maybrick got worse during the day, and when the doctors called they found him in a grave state. Taking Dr. Carter aside, Mr. Michael Maybrick told him of his suspicions and gave him the sealed bottle which contained Valentine's meat juice.

The doctor took it away with him and analysed a portion of its contents, finding that it contained arsenic! Matters now began to look very serious and, wishing to be sure that he had not been deceived, Dr. Carter sent a second portion of the juice to Mr. Davies, a professional analyst, with a request that he would let him know the result as soon as possible. The report he received confirmed his own suspicions. The bottle contained a strong admixture of arsenic.

In the small hours of Saturday morning, May 11, Mr. Maybrick took a turn for the worse. He was in great pain and seemed very distressed, finding a great deal of difficulty in breathing. Mrs. Maybrick sat beside his bed for some time, holding his hand. During one of the periods of cessation of pain she talked earnestly to him. Nurse Wilson, who was in the room, could not hear what she said, but Mr. Maybrick appeared to be much affected and exclaimed: "Oh, Bunny! Bunny! How could you do it! I did not think it of you!" From that time onwards Mr. Maybrick rapidly became worse, and medical skill could do nothing to relieve him.

Shortly after daybreak Mrs. Briggs came round to see if she could be of the least help to the afflicted family, and was asked to remain at Battlecrease House for the day. As she herself declared, "it was a day of sorrow." The voices of the children were hushed "lest they should wake papa," and the poor little mites could not understand why papa should not be wakened, for his groans rang through the house from time to time. The silent footsteps of the nurses, the periodical visits of the doctors, the sickening hope that the next bulletin from the medical men might give some prospect of recovery, only to be shattered by the mournful statement that the sick man's condition was more serious. All this made the abode of sickness indeed a sad one, but when to this gloom, which is common to all houses when the shadow of death is hovering over it, was added the undefined suspicion which attached to some member of the little household, a suspicion so terrible that all shrank from voicing it, then the misery of the family was increased ten-fold.

So the watchers at Battlecrease waited in silence and in sorrow for the advent of the Dread Visitor whom they had been told was waiting, and at night, about a quarter to nine, he came, and Mr. Maybrick was no more.

Mrs. Maybrick had borne up bravely until the closing scene, but when her husband had breathed his last she collapsed and was carried to her bedroom, where Mrs. Briggs tried to soothe her paroxysms of grief.

Dr. Humphreys was then reluctantly compelled to tell the two brothers of the dead man that arsenic had been found in the bottle submitted to Dr. Carter, and that he

could not, therefore, grant a certificate of death, but must give notice to the coroner and to the police at once.

Messengers were sent off with the requisite letters to the officials, while the doctors explained to the relatives of the dead man that it would be necessary to make a post-mortem examination, and pointed out that the sooner this was done after life was extinct the more certain the results obtained would be.

THE DOCTOR ANALYSED A PORTION OF ITS CONTENTS

Sunday is a day of rest for most people, but not for police or doctors, whose most trying work often, one might almost say usually, falls on that day. Before the early churchgoers had donned their Sabbath frock-coats the doctors were closeted with Inspector Baxendale, the officer in charge at Garston.

The inspector was one of those persons who have done much to increase the prestige of the police force. At that time he was in the prime of life. Throughout his whole career, while avoiding anything like undue precipitancy, he never permitted the grass to grow under his feet or put off till the morrow anything which had better be done at once.

A short chat with the doctors confirmed him in the course which he had determined to take on receipt of the news on the previous evening, so he set out at once for Battlecrease House, where he saw the body of Mr. Maybrick, and later posted men in the neighbourhood to ensure that the whereabouts of every person in the house should be known. This done, he went off to the superintendent of the district and reported the whole matter to him.

Wherever there is suspicion every precaution must be taken to prevent any articles which might help to fix the guilt on the culprit being removed or tampered with, so the brothers of the deceased man, accompanied by Mrs. Briggs and her sister, made a careful search of the whole house, and particularly of the portions of it most frequently used by Mrs. Maybrick, and they took from there a number of articles which figured prominently at a later date.

Early on Monday morning a body of men carrying glass jars and measuring instruments entered Battlecrease. They were a party of sanitary surveyors, under the direction of Superintendent Bryning, of the West Derby police, and they began to examine the drains and to take samples from the traps with which the pipes were provided. They did their work as silently as they could and then carried their jars to the laboratory of Mr. Davies.

This advance party was followed by Drs. Humphrey and Carter, who brought with them Dr. Barron to assist at the autopsy on the dead man. Soon the bedroom in which the late Mr. Maybrick had died was converted into a pathological laboratory, and the medical men began their grim task.

Laymen have an idea that a post-mortem examination consists largely of hacking up a body with little more feeling than is displayed by a butcher when he dismembers an animal which he has slaughtered; it may, therefore, come as a surprise to some to learn that doctors take almost as much trouble when "operating" on a dead body as they do when a living person is the subject of their attentions.

In the case of post-mortems in private houses of course a good deal of care has to be exercised that none of the relatives shall be in the least degree harassed by what must always seem to be a desecration of their beloved dead, and, further, the most elaborate precautions are taken that the remains shall be as little disfigured as possible. All this adds to the surgeon's unpleasant task, and medical men are rarely anxious to perform necropsies unless circumstances or the ultimate benefit of the human race compel them to do so.

A stout table, sufficiently large to accommodate its ghastly burden, took the place of the bed lately occupied by the master of Battlecrease House, and round it were grouped the three doctors. Other little tables were at hand bearing the case of instruments necessary for the examination, basins and sponges, bottles of disinfectants, and a number of perfectly, surgically and chemically, clean jars and bottles.

Even with the brilliant sunlight the whole made rather a gruesome tableau. What would it have looked like if the light had been the farthing rushlight by which some of our pioneers of medical science were compelled by prejudice to pursue their investigations?

As there was a very strong suspicion that Mr. Maybrick had met his death at the hands of a poisoner, naturally the first part to be examined was the stomach and the intestines. An incision was made down the centre of the abdomen, and the skin and muscles reflected so as to expose the wall of the body cavity. This was next opened and the external appearance of the viscera noted down in the memoranda-books which every practitioner keeps for future reference. Why inspect the outside of the stomach? you may ask. Well, irritant poisons, as well

"What are you doing Florence? you know that James must only take medicine from the nurses."

as some diseases, sometimes cause a small perforation through the wall of the stomach or the intestines which may account for death, and these perforations are sometimes very minute, and may occasionally be recognised more easily from the outside than from within, where the

surrounding tissues may be much broken down by inflammation. The next thing to do was to examine the inside and contents of the viscera, and this has to be done roughly at the side of the table and more minutely, by means of the test tube and microscope, in the analyst's laboratory.

The operator ties two tapes about an inch apart round the œsophagus, and a similar pair round the intestines below the end of the stomach, and with a sharp pair of scissors divides the organs between the ligatures, which are placed there to prevent any of the contents of the stomach or intestines escaping. With a very little cutting the stomach is then lifted bodily out of the corpse and placed in a shallow tray, which is guaranteed to be chemically clean; that is to say, that there is not the least minute trace of poison to be found on it. The wall of the stomach is then carefully cut and the contents allowed to flow into a measuring glass, and the amount again noted down. After measuring they are transferred to one of the jars on the table, and the vessel is sealed in the presence of all the doctors, who place a letter on it and enter in their books what it contains. The stomach itself is turned inside out and the lining carefully examined.

Up to this point the examination had proceeded very rapidly, far more rapidly than one can describe it, but now something caught Dr. Carter's eye, and he pointed it out to his colleagues. At the lower end of the stomach the lining membrane was inflamed and there were tiny spots of a brilliant red in the centre of the larger patches of inflammation. This clearly was the work of some irritant. Perhaps it was arsenic. A careful scrutiny of the interior of the organ, however, did not reveal any tiny grains of white arsenic such as are often found when death has been caused by the administration of the poison in a solid form; therefore it was probable that, if the deceased died of arsenic, it was given in solution.

Once more the pencils are at work, and then the autopsy proceeds. Finding patches of inflammation at the lower opening of the stomach led the surgeons to expect to find more traces at the upper end of the long coil of intestines; so, after the stomach had been transferred to a labelled jar, the bowels were treated in the same manner. As they had predicted, Dr. Carter found abundant signs of irritant poison in the coats of the intestines, which were then placed in jars and sealed up. A glance at the lungs showed that they were healthy, so were the kidneys, but what of the liver? Well, since the liver contains normally one-quarter of all the blood in the body, it was very probable that an analysis of that organ would show what poison wrought the havoc on the walls of the delicate stomach and intestines, so a piece was cut off and reserved in the same manner as the other viscera.

A very little cutting enables a doctor to get a good view of the back of the throat and the gullet. There the operator found patches of sores which looked very much as if the sore throat from which the dead man had been suffering had been caused by swallowing some acrid or irritating substance. So much for their general examination. They had, however, to be able to face one more question which might be put to them—Was Mr. Maybrick sane?

MRS BRIGGS TRIED TO SOOTHE HER PAROXYSMS OF GRIEF.

An incision across the scalp from ear to ear allowed the skin to be pushed over the brow and towards the back of the head, so that with a few strokes with a fine saw the top of the skull could be taken off and the brain exposed. The most careful examination showed that Mr. Maybrick possessed a powerful brain and that he was suffering from no disease in it whatsoever. Then, with as much care as if they were completing an operation on the living, the doctors restored the body to its normal appearance, retaining the contents of the sealed jars, which they at once bore to the laboratory of Mr. Davies, the analyst, and then they returned to their every-day duties for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Around Garston Mr. Maybrick had been very much respected, and to do honour to his memory the coroner's

officer made a point of selecting for service on the jury only those who were qualified to sit on the grand jury of the county. On Tuesday morning the twelve good men and true were summoned to inquire into the cause of death of the late cotton merchant.

The inquest was opened by the coroner, Mr. S. Brighouse, and, after the jury had viewed the body—a gruesome and perfectly unnecessary relic of mediæval times—they proceeded to take evidence. At the very commencement they met with a check, for it was announced that Mrs. Maybrick was not in a fit state to attend the court, and so they would have to dispense with her statement till some later date. As the cause of death was thought to be poison it was but natural that the medical witnesses should be heard next, and as soon as Dr. Humphreys had

BATTLECREASE, THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY NOW CALLED INGLETON.

been sworn he told the coroner that the analysis of the stomach and intestines had not yet been completed, and asked for an adjournment to enable the analysts to finish their work in a satisfactory manner.

Mr. Brighouse at once pointed out to the jury that, inasmuch as they could arrive at no conclusion whatsoever until the medical evidence was forthcoming, he thought it was better to adjourn the case without hearing any more witnesses. This he accordingly did till May 28, so as to give the scientists ample time to arrive at definite conclusions, and at the same time gave the customary permission for the body to be buried.

After the inquest had been opened Superintendent Bryning went to Battlecrease House and asked to see Mrs. Maybrick. After a little delay he was shown into her bedroom, where she was in bed, attended by some friends. He said to her:

"Mrs. Maybrick, I am a superintendent of police, and I am about to say something to you, and, after I have said it, if you reply, be careful how you reply, because what you say may be given in evidence against you. Mrs. Maybrick, you are in custody, on suspicion of causing the death of your husband, James Maybrick, on the 11th instant."

The widow made no reply, and Superintendent Bryning left the room and posted a constable outside the door to prevent his prisoner escaping. He also asked Mrs. Briggs and Mrs. Hughes, her sister, to take charge of the prisoner until she was well enough to be moved.

This additional blow did not seem to affect Mrs. Maybrick, who remained silent until the police-officer had left the room, and then resumed the conversation which had been interrupted by his entrance. After a while she began to talk to Mrs. Hughes about the charge against her, and the latter said that arsenic had been found in Mr. Maybrick's body and in some of his food. Apparently the ladies talked rather loudly, for the remark about arsenic was overheard by the policeman on duty in the passage, who, with the innate feelings of a gentleman, stepped into the room and advised them not to talk about the charge against his ward, as he would be bound to repeat anything that he heard, and it might be of serious import at a later stage.

How different this treatment is from the Continental method of posting spies outside the cell in which two suspected persons are confined to try to gather from their conversation something which may be used as damning evidence later on. In England, thank goodness! we still preserve some ideas of chivalry and the old code of honour which prevented our forefathers from taking advantage of an enemy who was incapacitated is still strong in the national breast, and has gained for our country the enviable reputation of possessing the most just code of laws on earth.

Two days later an enormous crowd of sympathisers followed the mortal remains of James Maybrick to his

grave in Garston Cemetery, where it was hoped that they would rest undisturbed till the Last Day.

TO BE CONTINUED

A NOTORIOUS convict, who suffered many years since at Salisbury, and the last of three brothers who had been executed for similar offences, after sentence was passed, said, "My lord, I humbly thank you." His lordship asked him for what. "Because, my lord, I thought I should have been hung in chains, which would have been a disgrace to the family."

A WELL-KNOWN thief, being tried for his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with. The judge thereupon directed the jury to find him guilty on his own confession. The jury, having laid their heads together, brought him in "Not guilty." The judge asked the reason. The foreman replied, "There is reason enough, for we all know him to be the greatest liar in the world."

IT is said that the King who was crowned on Christmas Day had a modern resurrection. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the coffin of Edward III. was opened in the Abbey by Sir Joseph Bankes and some antiquarian friends. The embalmed remains were found preserved in a kind of pickle. This Sir Joseph is stated to have tasted in order to discover what it was made of. I should be inclined to reply to that "pickle" story in the plural.

OLD women always presided at all flesh-eating operations in ancient Brazil, and they derived so much importance from these occasions, that their exultation over a prisoner was fiend-like. They stood by the fire, and caught the fat as it fell, that nothing might be lost, licking their fingers during this accursed employment. Every part of the body was devoured; the arm and thigh bones were reserved to be made into flutes; the teeth strung in necklaces; and the skull was set up at the entrance of the town, or it was sometimes used as a drinking cup, after the manner of our Scandinavian ancestors. They had learned to consider human flesh as the most exquisite of all dainties. Delicious, however, as these repasts were deemed, they derived their highest flavour from revenge.

Poisons;

THE MYSTERIOUS DRUGS which silently deal death, now popularly described for the first time.

CHLOROFORM.

OF all the boons which medical science has bestowed on the novelist none has equalled chloroform. According to the writers of fiction, chloroform is of such potency that a drop or two on a handkerchief waved once in front of the victim's face is enough to send him instantly into a state of unconsciousness. Criminals of all kinds freely use chloroform to ensure success in their nefarious operations, and we are assured that people are chloroformed with the greatest ease and despatch while asleep. Let it be remembered that these statements are made by writers of fiction.

Chloroform is the result of adding chlorinated lime to alcohol, and then distilling the mixture. To look at, it is a heavy, colourless liquid, with a sweet, spirituous taste and a pleasant smell. To correct many popular errors regarding this useful drug we will briefly describe its action. In the first place, until two years ago no doctor had succeeded in chloroforming a patient who was asleep without awaking him, and it was only then successful in the case of a youth who was very much wasted by disease. In all other cases the patient, if simply asleep, has woke up before the anæsthetic has taken effect.

Then the time which the drug takes to produce its beneficial effect is fairly considerable. Two or three minutes rarely suffices, and there has been many cases where the patient was not unconscious till fifteen minutes had elapsed from the commencement of the administration. Furthermore, as the drug commences to operate, in many cases the patient is strongly convulsed, and has to be held down by the assistants. All this, it will be seen, militates strongly against the received notion that the aristocratic burglar invariably makes use of the anæsthetic to protect himself when engaged on a particularly fascinating piece of work. One is usually told that the criminal laid a handkerchief saturated with the fluid over the face of the sleeping householder, who remained unconscious until the burglar removed the chloroform. That may be a dramatic method of administering the anæsthetic, but in reality the effect would be either to wake up the sleeper or to blister his face very badly, for chloroform, applied to the skin, does cause very painful blisters. The dramatic use of chloroform is therefore impossible as far as our present knowledge goes; but there is a criminal use for the drug, and one which is not unknown.

On several occasions chloroform has been administered forcibly prior to the commission of criminal outrage, and comparatively lately a case of that kind occurred in Paris, where there was undoubted proof that outrage had been committed. Jurists are very chary about taking up cases of this sort, for one of the effects of inhaling the vapour of chloroform is to set up delusions, and until this was well known, all kinds of charges were brought against innocent medical men, and some were even punished for crimes which they never committed.

Cases of suicide by inhalation of chloroform are rare, but it is as well to give the antidotes and treatment in case our readers do need to make use of them. There is no difficulty in recognising the symptoms of chloroform anæsthesia, for the smell of the drug is sufficiently indicative as to what has taken place. The first thing to do in a case of chloroform anæsthesia is to see that all clothes about the neck and waist are loose. Then stand the patient on his head for a minute, while artificial respiration is performed. The patient must not be kept in that uncomfortable position for long. If the victim does not show signs of returning consciousness, slap the chest sharply with the wetted fringe of a towel, so as to try and cause pain. Efforts at resuscitation by artificial respiration should be continued for at least an hour, since there have been cases which have recovered after that period. If possible administer alcohol in small quantities, and give the sufferer as much fresh air as possible.

In one murder trial only has chloroform figured as the drug alleged to have been selected by the poisoner. That was in the celebrated Pimlico mystery trial in 1886. Strange as it may appear, the drug was taken internally, and not by inhalation.

In 1875 Mr. Bartlett married Adelaide Blanche, a young

French girl, aged about twenty years. After her marriage she went back to school, and only saw her husband during her holidays. In 1881 Blanche returned to her husband, and the pair lived together from that time onward as husband and wife. In 1885 Bartlett made a will, leaving all his property to his wife, and making a Mr. Dyson, a friend of Blanche's, his executor.

Not long after this Bartlett became seriously ill, and on December a medical man was called in, and diagnosed the case as one due to an overdose of mercury. A second doctor was summoned, and by December 26 the patient had recovered sufficiently to be able to go for a drive.

On the following day Mrs. Bartlett asked Mr. Dyson to procure a quantity of chloroform for her. Dyson did so, buying in all six ounces. On the last day of the year Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett retired to bed at half past ten, both apparently in good health. At four the following morning Mrs. Bartlett aroused the household, saying that she had found her husband dead in bed. A doctor was called, and the usual post-mortem examination followed in due course, when it was found that Bartlett had taken a very considerable quantity of chloroform. There was nothing found at the examination to account for death except the chloroform. On this Adelaide Bartlett and Dyson were committed for trial on a charge of murder. When the trial came on, the Crown withdrew the charge against Dyson, and he was called as evidence for the prosecution. The defence was that Mrs. Bartlett had administered a little chloroform, sprinkled on a handkerchief, to her husband to calm him down, and had then placed the bottle beside his bed and gone to sleep. He must have awoke in the night and drunk the poison accidentally, or with suicidal intent. The trial lasted for three days, at the end of which Adelaide Bartlett was found not guilty, and the case was entered on the list of unsolved mysteries.

There is on record also a case of attempted suicide by drinking chloroform. A young man, apparently tired of life, bought four ounces of chloroform and swallowed it as soon as he got out of the shop. Then he was able to walk for a considerable distance before coma overtook him. He was taken to Guy's Hospital, where his life hung in the balance for five days, but eventually he recovered. He was very lucky, for on one occasion a boy drank a drachm of chloroform by accident and died in three hours.

About twenty years ago a journalist, who had more children than he could well support, determined to rid himself of them by giving them chloroform. One day, during his wife's absence, he persuaded them to partake of "something nice and sweet," which they at once did, he also taking a quantity. When the wife returned, she found her children very sick, and vomiting, and immediately sent for a doctor. Fortunately, they all recovered, though the father was for some time dangerously ill. Later he was charged at the assizes, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

Accidental deaths through the inhalation of chloroform are very plentiful, and no one but a fully qualified medical man should venture to administer the anæsthetic. When given by a doctor, chloroform is really a safe anæsthetic, for the doctor can detect the slightest symptoms of poisoning and check the administration, but in the hands of the unskilled it is very dangerous.

ATROPINE AND BELLADONNA.

IN the hedgerows in the country, the beautiful Deadly Nightshade is a well-known wild flower, yet, beautiful as the plant is, it contains one of the most deadly poisons known. The botanical name for the Deadly Nightshade is Atropa Belladonna, and the alkaloid which it contains is known as atropine. The belladonna plant has red, cherry-like berries, and as these are of a sweet taste, cases of accidental poisoning of children are far from rare.

The knowledge of the use of belladonna as a poison is of great antiquity in the East, but in the Northern countries seems to have gained little favour with the poisoner. Possibly it is because, like antimony, belladonna was much used by the Egyptian beauties for enhancing the brilliancy of their eyes, that accident taught them the use of the plant to remove rivals, or to gain a secret revenge. Be that as it may, from Egypt the practice of using belladonna was introduced into Italy during the time of the Cæsars.

During the decadence of the great empire, when suicide was legalised, belladonna frequently entered into the composition of the poisoned cup, and it is related also that it was added to the draught given to an illustrious criminal to spare him the disgrace of execution, with the intention of composing his features and making his death appear as if it was natural. Our knowledge of the action of belladonna in poisonous doses inclines us to think that the historian must have made a mistake, for the symptoms of belladonna poisoning are not at all in accordance with those of a natural death.

A patient suffering from poisoning with belladonna has the pupils of the eye much dilated, and is insensible to light. This blindness comes on gradually, commencing with double vision and a haziness spreading over the whole optical field. There is a heat and dryness of the throat, nausea, giddiness passing into insensibility and coma, or to delirium and convulsions, followed by a period of insensibility, and death.

The alkaloid atropine is a white, crystalline substance, easily dissolved in alcohol, but sparingly soluble in water. An important point, which will be seen to have had a great bearing on one of the few criminal cases connected with this poisonous substance is that it melts at a temperature of 184 degrees, and is volatilised with partial decomposition at 284 degrees. It is a powerful poison, and a grain of the sulphate of atropine, accidentally administered, has caused death.

Antidotes to this drug can only be applied by a medical man, as they consist almost entirely of equally virulent poisons injected hypodermically. The principal of these is pilocarpine, which is administered in doses of about a twentieth of a grain.

During the last half century there have only been two criminal trials in this country where atropine has been the poison alleged to have been used. The first of these was held at the Exeter Autumn Assizes, in 1865. A doctor named Sprague was charged with having poisoned his wife and household with atropine administered in a rabbit pie. The bodies had been examined, and the only point on which the prosecution had to rest was that the doctor was known to have lately purchased a quantity of atropine, and that the drug could not be found in his surgery. The victims had died under symptoms which did not entirely agree with those which would result from a dose of belladonna or atropine, but the pupils of the eyes were much dilated, and remained so till death. On this the prosecution based their theory that atropine had been administered, and the contents of the stomachs and the remainder of the pie were handed over to an analyst for examination. At the trial the analyst swore that from the leg of the rabbit which was in the pie he had extracted a quantity of atropine by soaking it in dilute hydrochloric acid. He further mentioned that the leg had been baked prior to being put into the pie. For the defence it was shown that the prosecution had absolutely failed to prove that the prisoner could have had access to the pie. He ate of the noxious pie himself, and was not in any way affected, while his wife and family lingered for some time, a rare occurrence in cases of belladonna poisoning. But the crowning point of the defence was when the counsel showed that from the analyst's own evidence the atropine must have been put into the rabbit's leg after the pie had been cooked, for the temperature at which pies are baked far exceeds 284 degrees, and at that temperature the atropine would have vanished as a vapour. The analyst stuck to his point, and the defence continued to insist that the atropine must have been put in the rabbit's leg after the pie was cooked, at a time when there was not the least probability of the prisoner having access to it. After retiring for some time, the jury found the doctor "not guilty," and he was discharged, but the imputation ruined him. Later scientific discoveries have shown that the victims died, in all probability, from ptomaine poisoning; but how did the atropine get into the rabbit?

Seven years later, at Manchester Assizes, a hospital nurse named Steele was charged with having poisoned the senior surgeon of Manchester Workhouse by giving him atropine. The surgeon, Mr. Harris, was taken suddenly ill after his breakfast one morning, and exhibited all the symptoms of atropine poisoning. He lingered for twelve hours, and then died. In his room was found the milk which had been sent from the kitchen for his breakfast. Two nurses tasted it, and both suffered from atropine poisoning. A solution of atropine in alcohol was also found in Mr. Harris's room. The prisoner was the only person who had access to the room between the time that the milk was sent up and the time that the doctor sat down to breakfast. She also had a strong motive for desiring the surgeon's death. The advance of seven years had improved the method of detecting atropine in a body, and there was not the least hesitation on the part of Mr. Calvert, who performed the post-mortem, in stating that he had discovered a poisonous dose of atropine in the body. Still there was no evidence to actually connect Nurse Steele with the administration of the poison, and, after a protracted trial, she was acquitted.

HOW THE MURDER OF LITTLE EMILY HOLLAND WAS BROUGHT HOME TO HIM BY THE INSTINCT OF A BLOODHOUND.

William Fish ...
OF BLACKBURN

"And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be;
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound
And curs of low degree."

—GOLDSMITH.

THE records of crime in the county of Lancashire have never contained anything so abominable as the atrocious outrage which was committed on Tuesday, March 28th, 1876, at Blackburn.

On that day a little girl, seven years of age, named Emily Mary Holland, left her parents' house in Moss Street, Blackburn, after dinner, and proceeded to the Roman Catholic School of St. Alban, Larkhill. She underwent an examination at this school, in the course of the afternoon, and had carried off a prize. Immediately on being released from the schoolroom at four o'clock, she made for home to retail the joyful news of her success, and had, in her childish innocence, tied a piece of ribbon round her waist to commemorate the event. Between four and five o'clock on the day in question, she was seen by two of her schoolmates, and also by one or two grown-up people, to whom she was known, talking to a strange man, and walking with him down Moss Street. Later on she was again seen fetching some tobacco from a small shop, and after this she completely disappeared.

Her father, James Holland, was employed in a cotton factory, and on his returning from work was informed by his wife that Emily had not returned from school. The parents grew more and more uneasy, and the father went out looking for the child, but failed to find her, and at length determined to seek the aid of the police.

On Thursday, March 30th, the mangled remains of a little girl, apparently about seven years of age, were discovered in a field near the cemetery at Blackburn. The arms, head, and legs had been cut from the body, and the trunk was found folded up in some bloodstained newspapers. The legs were found some distance from where the body was discovered, and they too were wrapped in newspapers. It was confidently believed that the body was that of the missing Emily Holland, but owing to the head, arms, and clothing not having been discovered, there was a slight element of doubt about it, but this was removed when, at the inquest which was held on the remains, a witness positively identified the body as that of the missing girl by a mark on the back.

Several arrests were made of men answering the description of the man to whom the deceased was seen talking on the fatal Tuesday, but all were acquitted except one man, named Charles Taylor, who was identified by several people as the man they had seen begging in the neighbourhood of Moss Street, close to where the child was last seen alive.

The first clue to the real culprit was furnished by the medical men to whom the dismembered trunk was handed for examination. On the body, and adhering to the bloodstained newspaper in which it was wrapped, they discovered some human hairs of different size and colour. This discovery at once cast suspicion on the barbers in the neighbourhood, and, as a matter of fact, every barber's shop in the town was searched by the police, but without result. Two men—barbers—whose establishments were near to where the child was last seen, were closely watched, and strongly suspected, but suspicion was more particularly directed to one of them named William Fish than to the other one, Denis Whitehead, and it may be said here that the police had very excellent grounds for their suspicions. The papers in which the body was wrapped when found were portions of the "Preston Herald," dated March 11th, 18th, and 25th, 1876, and November, 1875.

In the search above alluded to, which followed the discovery of the human hairs on the paper in which the body was found, a file of papers—the "Preston Herald"—was found in Fish's possession, the dates of the papers in which the dismembered body was found being missing. Strange to say, the police seemed to attach no importance to this coincidence, but the fact leaked out, and Fish became the object of very hostile demonstrations by people in the neighbourhood. The feeling of indignation against him at last grew so great that he was obliged to seek the protection of the police, and Chief Constable Potts was so convinced of Fish's complete ignorance of the crime that he asserted that he was as innocent as he (Potts) himself.

Matters remained at a standstill as regards any real evidence concerning the actual murderer, and it was believed by many that the man Taylor knew more about it than he cared to admit, though no actual proof could be adduced against him. A fortnight elapsed, and the mystery seemed as far from being cleared up as ever it did. The police were blamed for their want of success, and Scotland Yard was requisitioned for assistance in unravelling the mystery. The body of the child was buried on the 7th of April, and a few days after, a man named Peter Taylor, of 72, Nelson Street, Preston, called on Chief Constable Potts at Blackburn, and offered him the services of his two dogs to assist in discovering, if possible, the missing remains of the murdered girl, or in finding a clue to the murderer. One of the dogs was of mixed breed—bloodhound and retriever chiefly—the other was a Clumber spaniel. The offer was accepted, the dogs were brought over, and Detectives Holden and Livesey were sent with the dogs and their owner to the place where the trunk was found at Bastwell. The animals hunted up and down, but Taylor declared that he could see by their actions there was nothing more to be found there. They then went on to Royshaw Wood, close to where a man had been seen, by witnesses who gave evidence at the inquest, to go backwards and forwards to Lower Cunliffe, Rishton, where the legs were found. The hounds were, however, unable to discover anything further, and the party returned to Blackburn.

Then Chief Constable Potts determined to have the dogs taken to the shops of the barbers Fish and Whitehead, and between nine and ten o'clock on Sunday evening, April 16th, 1876, he and Superintendent Eastwood entered the premises of the two barbers simultaneously, P.C. Holden remaining at Fish's shop whilst the other establishment was examined. From the movements of the dogs in Whitehead's place the police had no reason to suppose that anything was concealed there, and Superintendent Eastwood, Detective Livesey, Taylor, and the hounds proceeded to Fish's shop. This was at No. 3, Moss Street, and the premises, comprising four rooms—two upstairs and two down—were formerly occupied by Fish, his wife, and two children. For some reason or other Fish removed his household goods from No. 3 to No. 162, Moss Street, some time before the murder, and resided at the latter house, whilst the former place was kept as a lock-up shop, where his hairdressing and shaving business was carried on during the day.

On the arrival of the police with the dogs, they found

Fish and his wife there, and they of course had already been informed by Police Constable Holden of the projected search. On the hounds being released, "Morgan," the bloodhound, ran round and round the shop in a state of great excitement; went into the back room, jumped up on the sink-stone there with his fore paws, and sniffed about with his head in the air for some seconds. The police and Taylor watched the actions of the dog with suppressed excitement, whilst Fish grew ghastly pale and trembled visibly. Taylor opened the door at the bottom of the stairs, and the dogs immediately rushed up, the bloodhound leading, with ears and tail erect, and the Clumber following his keener-scented

THE DOGS IMMEDIATELY RUSHED UP.

companion. It led the way into the back room first, where there was a quantity of old clothes lying about the floor, sniffed long and audibly all round the room, and on arriving at the door again, after having made the circuit of the chamber, he dashed into the front room, and made straight for the fireplace. The police, Taylor, Fish, and his wife followed, and the owner of the dog at once said, "There's something here!" for the bloodhound stood in an attitude of intense eagerness, his hair bristling with excitement and his head nearly hidden up the chimney. Hastily pulling the dog away, Taylor put his hand up the aperture, and, after groping about for a few seconds, pulled down from the recess or draft-hole the skull and other portions of a child, wrapped up in a piece of newspaper, covered with blood. On seeing this damning evidence of his guilt brought to light, Fish almost collapsed. His teeth chattered, his limbs shook, and his face took on a ghastly hue. He was told he would be arrested on a charge of murdering Emily Holland, and was at once taken to the Bridewell. By the time the discovery had been made an immense crowd had gathered in the street opposite Fish's shop, and there were fears that Fish would be lynched by the angry multitude. Mr. Potts, however, went outside, and explained to the assembled throng that the head and remaining limbs of the murdered girl had been found, and whilst he was doing this Fish was being hurried through back streets by a couple of detectives to the Town Hall. It was fortunate for the murderer that the police were so prompt in getting him away, otherwise violence would certainly have been resorted to by the crowd. Thousands of people collected in Moss Street, where the parents of the murdered girl lived, and in the district round about.

Fish arrived at the Town Hall, in charge of two detectives, at 9.45 p.m., and on being charged with the wilful murder of Emily Mary Holland, he replied:

"I know nothing about it."

He was then removed to the cells, and two police officers stayed all night with him. On Monday, April 17th, Fish was brought before the magistrates, and after some formal evidence had been given, a remand was asked for by the police.

The principal witness was Chief Constable Potts, who said that Taylor, the owner of the dog "Morgan," had found the skull of a child, with some hair on it, concealed in the chimney of the upper front room of Fish's premises.

There were also found parts of broken skull; the hair had been saturated with blood. There were also parts of smaller bones. There were bones which appeared to belong to the forearm and hands of a child about seven years of age. There were also some pieces of garments of grey calico and a chemise. The deceased child's clothing was of that description.

Strangely enough, another dog comes upon the scene in this case, as it was deposed that on Wednesday, March 29th, the day after the girl was missed, a furniture broker of Enfield was coming to Blackburn with a cart between nine and ten o'clock p.m. At the toll-bar he passed a man, and after he had got past, a dog he had with him—a bloodhound or mastiff—turned back and went to the man, jumping on his breast with its feet, and pushing its head under his coat, where there was a parcel of some kind. The dog was a dangerous one, and its owner at once called it away; but it repeated its conduct. The man had seen the prisoner, Charles Taylor, and declared he was the same man.

Fish was asked by the magistrate if he had anything to say why he should not be remanded till Thursday, to which he replied, "I know nothing about it; I am as innocent as a child." He was then formally remanded till Thursday, April 21st.

And now a few words about the antecedents of the prisoner, Fish, will not be out of place. He was born at Dar-

Made straight for the fireplace.

wen, and when eleven years of age was taken out of Blackburn Workhouse and apprenticed to Mr. Chadwick Bramwell Barker, hairdresser, of Northgate. When he had served two years, he ran away, but returned after a three years' absence, and remained with Mr. Barker the other four years of his apprenticeship. He left at Christmas, 1870, being sent to prison for fourteen days for stealing his master's money from the till. Soon afterwards he married and started business on his own account in Moss Street.

On Monday afternoon, after being remanded, Fish made a free and full confession of his guilt, which ran as follows:

"Police Office, Town Hall, Blackburn,
"April 17, 1876, 4.40 p.m.

"Statement by William Fish, who has been this day brought before the magistrates on the charge of the wilful murder of Emily Holland, on March 28, 1876.

"I told Constable William Parkinson that I had burnt part of the clothes, and put the other part under the coals in my shop, and I now wish to say that I am guilty of the murder. I further wish to say that I do not want the innocent to suffer. At a few minutes after five o'clock in the evening, I was standing at my shop door in Moss Street, when the deceased child came past. She was going up Moss Street. I asked her to bring me one-half ounce of tobacco from Cox's shop. She went and brought it to me. I asked her to go into the shop. She did so. I asked her to go upstairs, and she did. I went up with her. I tried to abuse her, and she was nearly dead. I then cut her throat with a razor. This was in the front room, near the fire. I then carried the body downstairs into the shop, cut off the head, arms, and legs, wrapped up the body in newspapers, on the floor; wrapped up the legs also in newspapers, and put the parcels into a box in the back kitchen. The arms and head I put into the fire. On the Wednesday afternoon I took the parcel containing the legs to Lower Cunliffe, and at nine o'clock that night I took the parcel containing the body to a field at Bastwell, and threw it over the wall. On Friday afternoon I burnt part of the clothing. On the Wednesday evening I took a part of the head, which was unburnt, and put it up the chimney in the front bedroom.

"I further wish to say that I did it all myself. No other person had anything to do with it. The foregoing statement has been read over to me, and is correct. It is my voluntary statement, and before I made it I was told that it would be taken down in writing and given in evidence against me.

"(Signed) WILLIAM FISH.

"Witnesses: Robert Eastwood, Superintendent of Police; William Read, Superintendent of Police; Joseph Potts, Chief Constable."

On Thursday, April 20th, the jury at the adjourned coroner's inquest returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against William Fish."

After the confession had been made by the prisoner, another visit was paid to his shop, and among some coals was found some of the girl's clothing, cut into pieces. It was related that after committing the murder Fish went downstairs and shaved some of his customers with the razor which had been used to cut his victim's throat. The butcher's work having been finished, Fish locked the door of his shop and went to the Amphitheatre of Varieties.

He returned home between 11 and 12 p.m., and his wife noticed nothing unusual in his demeanour, and of course never imagined for a moment that her husband and the father of her children had been guilty of such a diabolical crime.

During the time which elapsed between the discovery of the mangled remains and the arrest of the murderer—a period of nearly three weeks—Fish had gone to his shop every day, as usual, and shaved his customers and chatted to them of the crime and of the murderer's chances of escaping detection. When stropping his razors or shaving a patron, and when not engaged in conversation, which—as all barbers seem loquacious when exercising their tonsorial art—was very seldom, he was in the habit of humming over snatches of an old song, his favourite line being:

"To-morrow will be Friday, and we've caught no fish to-day."

apparently congratulating himself on the fact of his escape from arrest. His business flourished during these three weeks, as many people, knowing of the suspicion attached to him, went to be shaved, in order that they might gratify their curiosity by seeing and speaking to him. He did not appear in any way depressed or nervous, or fearful of discovery and arrest, but went about his daily avocations with his usual nonchalance. During his periods of inactivity, that is to say when not engaged in the shop, which was usually for a couple of hours in the afternoon, he was in the habit of standing at the door of his establishment, apparently waiting for customers, coolly smoking his pipe, and scowling savagely at the people who passed and looked at him, perhaps more intently than ordinary politeness permitted, though, after he had applied for police protection, there were no acts of hostility on the part of any grown-up persons, though the boys of the school which Emily Holland had attended, and other children of the neighbourhood, annoyed him greatly by shouting from a respectful distance, "Barber, barber, who killed the girl?" and "Emily, Emily, who murdered little Emily?"

During his absence from his home, whilst attending to his shop, from about 9 a.m. till 7 p.m., the neighbours visited Mrs. Fish and discussed the murder with her, and, of course, frequent allusion was made to the suspicion against her husband, but the barber's wife always scouted the idea of her husband being guilty of such a diabolical outrage, and declared that if she thought or believed him to be guilty of such an abominable crime, she would be the first to denounce him to the police.

What Fish's feelings must have been during this time can be better imagined than described. He knew what ghastly, damning evidence of his guilt was hidden in that upstairs chimney, and it is no wonder that he stood at the

door when there were no customers in the shop, as even the taunts of the children were easier to withstand than the thoughts of the horrible things he had concealed in the room over his shop; and we can quite understand how he would dread being alone in the shop, with the fear, every moment, of the skull becoming displaced from its hiding nook, and rolling down the chimney on to the floor, and perhaps—great God!—clattering down the stairs into the shop! Far better the revilings of the boys whilst standing in the blessed daylight and with people passing, where he was not alone, than to be in that place—within those four walls—which held his horrible secret, and with the increasing dread of something unknown—and all the more fearful on that account—happening every moment. We cannot wonder that, as soon as he realised that his crime was discovered, he should find relief in making a full confession of the fiendish outrage and murder of which he was guilty.

Whilst Fish was on remand he was visited by his wife, accompanied by one of their children. On seeing her he burst into tears, seized his child, and kissed it most earnestly. He shook hands with his wife, whereupon she began to cry bitterly. She besought him to give up all thoughts of this world and prepare for the doom which awaited him. She entreated him not to think of her or the children, as she would provide for them in future.

Fish was eventually committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder, and was brought up at the Liverpool Summer Assizes, which commenced on Monday, July 24, 1876. In his charge to the grand jury, Mr. Justice Lindley said that he would dispose of the case of Fish in a very few words. The grand jury would find, if they would call before them Chief Constable Potts, of Blackburn, that Fish had made a full and ample confession of his guilt, and if they pursued the matter further, they would find that the statements made in the written confession were corroborated by other evidence. It would therefore be their duty to find a true bill, and he did not intend to say anything more about the matter.

The grand jury found a true bill against Fish, and he was called up for trial on Friday, July 28. Mr. Higgin, Q.C., Mr. Pope, Q.C., and Mr. Addison prosecuted, while, at the invitation of his Lordship, Mr. Blair undertook the defence of the prisoner.

Twenty-eight witnesses were called for the prosecution, and some interesting information respecting the dog "Morgan," was given by the man Taylor. This dog was, it appeared, the property of a Mr. Parkinson, lamp and oil merchant, Church Street, Preston. Some time previous to the murder, Mr. Parkinson had put him under the care of the man Taylor, on account of the growing eccentricity of its conduct. He would fetch his master's hat or any article named from the house to the warehouse, a considerable distance, on being told to do so; and he would also wait on Mr. Parkinson when dressing, fetching his coat, boots, or other things, as he required them. In many other ways he had displayed unwonted sagacity. He was of mixed breed, retriever and bloodhound being the prominent strains. He recently had become quite savage, and without the slightest provocation would bite any ill-dressed or poor-looking person. On this account Mr. Parkinson handed him over to Mr. Taylor, who took means to reduce him to a more respectable course of behaviour.

Fish's trial lasted all day, the evidence being merely a repetition of what has already been told. There were no witnesses for the defence, but Mr. Blair, in an eloquent speech on the prisoner's behalf, set up the plea that he must have been insane. The learned judge, in summing up, referred to the defence of insanity, and said that it was not the duty of the prosecution to prove that the prisoner was sane, but the onus of proving the prisoner's insanity lay with the defence, and this had not been done.

After deliberating about a minute, and without leaving the box, the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty."

In reply to the question why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, Fish said, in an almost inaudible voice, "My lord and gentlemen of the jury, at the time I did the deed I did not know what I was doing. It came over me all at once. I never had such a thought in my head when I sent for the 'bacco."

The judge then assumed the black cap, and, addressing the prisoner, said, "William Fish, you have been found guilty of this murder, and for that murder you must die. I shall not harass your feelings by dwelling upon it, and will simply perform my duty by passing upon you the sentence which it is my duty to pass, which is that you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from there to the place of execution, where you shall be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and your body shall be buried within the precincts of the prison from which you were last taken, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!" Fish was then removed from the dock.

The execution took place at Kirkdale Gaol, on Monday, August 14th, 1876. Fish was executed together with Richard Thompson, who murdered a young man named John Henry Blundell. The last time a double execution had taken place at Kirkdale was in September, 1875, when William Baker and Edward Cooper were hanged.

In a message to the other prisoners in the gaol, Fish said, "I want to tell you while you have a chance to lead a new life. You can see my bad end through breaking off Sunday School. After I neglected it I went from bad to worse, and so I have been brought to this sad end. If I had my time over again I would lead a different life. It is not too late for you to mend. If I had served God instead of Satan, I should not have been here. Avoid those bad, cheap journals on which I wasted so much spare time. May we meet in heaven, through God's mercy!"

Fish passed a restless night previous to execution. He rose at 5.30 and partook of a hearty breakfast. Marwood was the executioner. As he stood on the scaffold, and whilst being pinioned and the rope adjusted, Fish kept repeating, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me. Lord Jesus, receive my soul." He was given a drop of six feet. Whilst in the middle of a sentence, Marwood pulled the lever, the drop fell, and with the words "Lord Jesus" on his lips, William Fish was launched into eternity.

The Best Advice.

THERE is a well-known custom prevailing in our criminal courts of assigning counsel to such prisoners as have no one to defend them. Upon one occasion—which shall be dateless—the Court, finding a man accused of theft without counsel, said to a young barrister who was present, "Mr. ——, please to withdraw with the prisoner, confer with him, and give him such counsel as may be best for his interest." The lawyer and his client withdrew, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the former returned into court alone. "Where is the prisoner?" asked the Court. "He has gone, your Honour," replied the counsel. "Gone!" exclaimed the judge. "Well," said the barrister, "your Honour told me to give him the best advice I could for his own interest, and, as he said he was guilty, I thought the best advice I could give him was to 'cut and run'—which he took at once."

Animals Eat Poison.

IT does not necessarily follow that because certain chemical substances are injurious to man they have a like effect upon animals. For instance, you might give to a horse a large dose of antimony and not injure it; a dog might take mercury, a rabbit belladonna, a goat tobacco, or a mouse hemlock without causing the slightest inconvenience. At the same time, you would have to use the greatest amount of care in administering chloroform to a cat or dog, because a very small dose will kill them, whereas a man will not suffer if a larger quantity is administered with caution.

Everybody knows that cucumber peel, innocuous to man, is fatal to blackbeetles and many birds. The list might be indefinitely multiplied. Fuller particulars may be found in our articles on "Poisons."

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The Tragic Story of EUGENE ARAM.

"I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.
So wills the fierce, avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones."

—TOM HOOD.

PART III.

Rue.

FROM the peaceful schoolhouse at Lynn, Aram was conducted by the police officers to the grim old castle of York, where so many famous murderers have spent their last night on earth, and where brutalities which to-day would meet with condign punishment were daily practised on the poor wretched mortals confined there. With fetters on his wrists and legs, the scholar had fallen to his proper sphere of a felon.

Cast into his lonely cell, with no books to solace him, with nothing to aid him in stilling the crying voice of his inward tormentor, yet he felt some relief. Nemesis had come at last! His crime was discovered, and he was to be brought to trial.

At the preliminary examination before the magistrates, he was silent, reserving his questions to a later date, but there was none of the throng that stood in the crowded, insanitary court-house but felt pity for the worn-out figure whom the prosecution wished to make out a great criminal. The ordeal was soon over, and Aram was committed to take his trial at the next sessions of Oyez and Terminez, to be holden in the City of York.

His first impulse was to offer no defence. Life had lost all its charm for him, and he felt ready to go to his grave, dishonoured though it be, and have done with the torturing sprite which made his daily existence a burden. But, later, Nature proclaimed herself. It is sweet to live, even in confinement, and dishonoured among men. Death is a mystery which all the philosophy of Eugene could not explain. Better the known evil than the awful possibilities of an eternity of woe.

Aram asked for pens and paper, which were readily supplied, and he betook himself to the task of preparing the lines on which he proposed to save his neck. No books were allowed him, for in those days the brutality of the law was satisfied if the strongest legal talent was called to prove a prisoner guilty, and refused to allow any counsel to aid the accused. Page after page he wrote and rewrote, but still he could not convince himself that he was free from the awful sin which he had committed, and in his feverish anxiety he felt that when he could not convince himself he assuredly could not convince those whom he regarded as his enemies.

At last the day of the trial drew near, and the paper which contained all that the accused had to say for himself was finished. The remaining days he spent in attempting to commit the pages to memory. But brilliant as had been his mental powers while free, the confined atmosphere of the ancient castle warped them, and one line was forgotten as soon as the next was attempted. This Eugene put down to the judgment of heaven, and prayed that he might be allowed to read his defence.

On the 12th of August, 1759, came floating through the deep casemates of the castle the sounds of the fanfare of trumpets, which announced the arrival of the Judges of Assize, who had come to effect the general gaol delivery—a delivery which for some meant delivery into the hands of the common executioner, to be transmitted by him to their Maker.

Next day Eugene Aram was brought into the court. Before him sat the Judge, arrayed in all the majesty of ermine and scarlet, with a huge bouquet of flowers in front of his desk, as was then the custom. Around were the barristers and lawyers in their robes and wigs, beside him two warders. But worst of all, strewn along the front of the dock were the sprigs of rue, the plant of sorrow, lest his very breath should contaminate the good and pious men who were to listen to the tale of his baseness. To a scholar, the harmless little rue plant brought awful associations, and the depression which settled on him was great.

As the counsel for the Crown opened his case with a detail of the prisoner's iniquity, Eugene shuddered. He had thought the crime hideous as he saw it in the stillness of the night; but never so hideous as when recounted in the full light of day to his fellow beings. Then came the witnesses. The first was his accomplice, Houseman—the very man who had beguiled him into joining in the horrid plot, and who now sought to save his own life by sacrificing that of his dupe. "If it had been an enemy, then could I have borne it," wailed Eugene beneath his breath, as Richard Houseman detailed the whole history of the conspiracy, slurring over the parts which he himself had played, and greatly exaggerating those in which Eugene was implicated. The jewellery, the want of books, the walk to the cave, the sudden blow: all were described with a wealth of mendacity of which only the cur Houseman was capable. Then came the description of the interment of all that remained of Mr. Clarke, and the prisoner quailed in the dock, wondering how he ever could have taken part in such a horrible scene.

But the testimony of the next witness was even more painful to him. Mrs. Aram was placed in the box, and by her evident animus showed that in spite of her spouse's loving kindness to her during the years which she had rendered hateful to him by her drunken habits, she was anxious that he should die a felon's death. She told of various little circumstances, which a woman's meanness dictated to her imagination, and which she thought would tie the fatal knot tighter round her husband's neck. To-day such evidence would be inadmissible, but in the barbarous ages which obtained in the middle of the eighteenth century, all evidence, however biassed, was heard.

Cast into his lonely cell.

Various other witnesses followed her, all of whom had some little matter to speak about, showing that it was possible for the two, Houseman and Aram, to have committed the crime. That closed the testimony for the Crown.

No lawyer being permitted in those days to appear for anybody accused of murder, Aram was called on for his defence, and it has since been generally admitted that the speech he made in his vain endeavour to save his life is one of the finest masterpieces which have ever been heard in court. After having obtained permission to read his speech whenever his memory failed him, he commenced:

"My lord, I know not whether it is of right, or through some indulgence of your lordship, that I am allowed the liberty of this bar, and at this time, to attempt a defence, incapable and uninstructed as I am to speak. Since, while I see so many eyes upon me, so numerous and awful a concourse, fixed with attention, and filled with I know not what expectancy, I labour not with guilt, my lord, but with perplexity. For having never seen a court but this, being wholly unacquainted with the law, the customs of the bar, and all judiciary proceedings, I fear I shall be so little capable of speaking with propriety in this place, that it exceeds my hope if I shall be able to speak at all."

He then went on to say that he had heard the indictment read, and was astonished at the tenor of the charge, inasmuch as he had never been a man of low morals or addicted to profligacy. Therefore it was impossible that he could have committed a crime which would require even more depravity than was ascribed to him by the leader for the prosecution.

In the first place he would ask the indulgence of the court if he departed from the modesty which was natural to him and showed that he had never been a profligate, had never given way to vice, had never been addicted to drink, and had little use for wealth. "Mankind," he said, "was never corrupted at once. But by degrees man fell from his natural condition. Therefore it is inconceivable that I should have so suddenly thrown to the winds all the dictates of conscience, and committed a crime of such awful enormity. Again, when the springs of such a crime are laid open it had always been found that it was committed to support some indolence, satisfy some passion, or oblige some malice. No one could possibly say that he had any such necessity for money."

Then he went on to point out that the disappearance of Clarke did not necessarily argue his death. Many men had vanished for years, and in the end had been found to be alive and well. He would only instance one case, which was well within the memory of all present. In June, 1757, a man named William Thompson had escaped from York Castle, although he was loaded with chains, and had never been heard of since, in spite of the strictest search. If, therefore, a man so fettered could disappear absolutely, how much easier must it have been for a man like Clarke, untrammelled by gyves, and well supplied with money, to make good his escape. Had anyone prosecuted the persons who had last seen Thompson? No. Then why was he (Aram) brought to the bar?

THE END OF EUGENE ARAM.

Following this he descanted upon the bones found, and suggested that there was no absolute criterion by which the sex of a corpse could be distinguished. (In this he overreached himself, for the sex is clearly determinable, and has been so since 1464.)

As another argument he would point to the history of the district in which the remains were found. For years, nay, for centuries, Yorkshire had been one of the chief abiding

places of hermits and other religious men who had departed from monasteries and retired into seclusion, and it was but to be expected that the abodes which they had tenanted in life should become their resting places when they had laid down their earthly vesture. The site in which the bones, supposed to be Clarke's, were found, was one of these retreats, and it was far from improbable that the relics were those of some holy hermit. In support of this theory he gave the names of four or five saints whose remains had been recently discovered in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Robert's Cave.

But that was not all. The district had been the scene of many skirmishes in mediæval wars, and bodies had been buried where they fell. Only a few years before the date on which he spoke five corpses were found together on the ground of the lord of the manor, while a fortnight later a like number had been disinterred on the same estate. These the baronet who owned the land had caused to be left undisturbed, and it was conceivable that the bones found might have been the remains of some soldier who had died for the cause which he espoused.

Much had been made of the fracture in the skull of the body which had been dug up, but there was nothing to show that that injury had been sustained during life. In 1732 the corpse of William, one of the former archbishops of York, had been removed from its resting place, and it was then found that the skull was badly crushed. The fracture was undoubtedly not caused during life. The ravages of the reformers in search of plunder had ransacked all the tombs of holy men in the hope of adding a little to their store of booty, and it was not unreasonable to suppose that so well-known a hermitage would also have been desecrated by the impious hands who had already robbed the graves in the Cathedral church.

Finally he said: "'I at last, after a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, put myself upon the candour, the justice, and the humanity of your lordship, and upon yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury."

After this clever defence, Mr. Justice Noel, before whom the case was tried, summed up. He paid a great tribute to the speech of the prisoner, declaring that it was one of the very finest arguments which it had ever been his fortune to listen to, and said that its ingenious reasoning put into the shade any of the efforts of paid advocates. The prisoner laboured under the great disadvantage of having never been in a court of law before, and therefore could not be expected to deliver his address on formal lines. He was also labouring under a very serious suspicion, which was sufficient to disarm anybody. Therefore he trusted that the jury would see fit to give due weight to the defence. At the same time he had to admit that the proof brought before them was weighty, and would have to be carefully rebutted before innocence could be established. An alleged accomplice had given evidence, and there was nothing to show that Houseman bore any malice towards the prisoner. The result lay with the jury, and they would have the burden of conviction or acquittal to bear. With that he dismissed them to their duty.

A very short time elapsed before the twelve men returned into court, when they declared that Aram was guilty of the murder of Clarke.

Judge Noel, in passing sentence, remarked that he had no doubt that the prisoner had committed the crime with which he had been charged, and of which he had been found guilty. His defence had been most ingenious and logical, but they had to deal with facts. He therefore directed that Aram should be taken from the bar to the prison from which he had come, and thence to a place of public execution, there to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. And, as a warning to other learned murderers, it was decreed that his body, after execution, should be hung in chains in the forest within which he committed the awful murder.

Aram almost fainted when he heard the fearful sentence, but he soon recovered his composure, and, having bowed to the court, retired, and later in the day was taken back to the condemned cells in the Castle of York.

As soon as the unhappy convict was secured in his new apartment two ministers of religion were detailed to attempt to bring him to a fitting state of mind to meet his Creator. He declared that he had killed Clarke, but that he thought it was right, for "he suspected Clarke of having unlawful commerce with his wife, and was persuaded at the time he did the deed that he was doing right, but that later he felt assured he had done wrong." This statement he subsequently denied, and said that it was wrought from him in the momentary anguish of knowing that his hours were numbered.

Short time was permitted to those condemned to die for murder in the times of which we are writing, and the morning of execution dawned.

On entering the cell the warders were surprised to find their charge apparently asleep, but a closer inspection showed that he was covered with blood. A hasty examination revealed the fact that he had cut his arm deeply in two places—at the wrist and above the elbow—in the hope of bleeding to death, and thus cheating the gallows. A surgeon was at once sent for, and he bled the prisoner a little more, and applied restoratives so that he recovered consciousness. On his cell table was found a letter written to a friend, in which Aram declared that it was natural to die, and also necessary. That he thought no man had a better right than he had to determine the time and manner of his death, and that he was taking the course he had done in order to avoid a disgraceful death, accompanied by exposure to a hostile throng.

"I think," he added, "though contrary to the common way of thinking, I wrong no man by this, and hope it is not offensive to that Eternal Being that formed me and this world; and as by this I injure no man, no man can reasonably be offended. I solicitously recommend myself to that Eternal and Almighty Being, the God of Nature, if I have done amiss. But perhaps I have not; and I hope this thing will never be imputed to me. Though I am now stained by malevolence, and suffer by prejudice, I hope to rise fair and unblemished. My life was not polluted, my morals irreproachable, and my opinions orthodox. I slept sound till three o'clock, awaked, and then writ these lines:—

"Come, pleasing rest, eternal slumbers fall,
Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes of all;
Calm and composed, my soul her journey takes,
No guilt that troubles and no heart that aches;
Adieu! thou sun, all bright like her arise,
Adieu! fair friends, and all that's good and wise."

There was also on the table another long letter, in which the condemned man said that he could no longer hoodwink justice, nor could he browbeat evidence. His conscience had obtained the mastery over him, which it had struggled for years to gain, and the sentence it pronounced against him was far more terrible than that pronounced in solemn tones by the judge on the bench, while the doom it condemned him to was more awful than that to which he had been condemned. He could not bear to be exposed as a spectacle before men, and had, therefore, determined to cut short his own existence before he was handed over to the hangman.

"O! had I but harkened to the advice which dearly-bought experience has enabled me to give!" he continued, "I should not now have been plunged into that dreadful gulph (sic) of despair which I find it impossible to extricate myself from; and therefore my soul is filled with horror inconceivable. I see both God and man my enemies; and in a few hours shall be exposed a public spectacle for the world to gaze at. . . . I leave the care of my soul in the hands of the eternal mercy. "EUGENE ARAM."

As soon as the wretched culprit was sufficiently conscious to be brought to the place of execution, he was pinioned, wrapped up in a blanket, and, supported by two warders, he set out on his last journey on earth. His face was ashen pale, his limbs trembled, and his mind wandered from time to time.

Arrived at the foot of the gallows, he was assisted up the steps and placed beneath the fatal tree. Asked if he would like to address the huge concourse which had gathered to see him suffer the extreme penalty, he feebly replied that he had not sufficient strength. The ordinary then approached to offer him solace, but Aram wearily whispered that he had not enough strength to pray, but begged that the chaplain would pray for him. A few minutes were thus occupied, while the hangman adjusted the fatal noose, and made the necessary preparations. Then, at a signal from the sheriff, Eugene Aram was launched into eternity. His struggles were very short, for he was nearly dead when he was led out for execution. His corpse was subsequently hung in chains in Knaresborough Forest, close to the site of Clarke's murder.

Thus we leave Eugene Aram, most simple scholar and most sublime scoundrel; a man who lived for years trying to forget the evil he had done lest he should confess it. Yet he was not altogether bad; in his way he was a genius, apart from his learning, for he inspired the affection of the young under his charge, and those whom children love are never wholly evil.

"A man hath the tiller in his hand,
And may steer against the current,
Or may glide down idly with the stream,
Till his vessel founder in the whirlpool."

THE PITIFUL STORY OF JESSIE BEVAN.

"Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings me rest;
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast."
—TENNYSON, "Locksley Hall."

WE propose to tell in the following account of a lamentable crime one of misery's most precious triumphs; we propose to show how the joyous flame of human love, that once burnt within a woman's heart, was so blown upon by the winds of oppression, so drenched in a tempest of sorrow, that it gradually died out, leaving nothing but a heap of smouldering ashes.

Jessie Bevan as a girl was naturally light-hearted, disposed to be generous and affectionate, and with a nature as far removed from that of the criminal as can possibly be imagined. She enjoyed the days of her youth, as most other girls of her disposition and station in life do, with a laugh, a song, and a grimace.

A grimace for yesterday, a laugh for to-day, and a song that rose into a pæan of anticipation for to-morrow. She had her love affairs, not serious, all-pervading matters of love, but chance flirtations of the street, mild, harmless romances of the pavement, in which her girl friends participated, and were none the worse for it.

But this artless dalliance with Cupid did not continue; as, indeed, the human heart being what it is, it could not, and the day came when the god of love said to Jessie Bevan, as he has said to many a man and woman, "You have played with me long enough. You have treated me as an amiable urchin, behold I am a masterful giant, I grip you by the throat, and I make you my prisoner."

Jessie, in short, met the man who was fated to be the custodian of her heart.

He was strong, tenacious of purpose, and quick of wit; a man that, once he had set his mind upon a thing, never rested until he possessed it—a man that would not be gainsaid in his wooing, and who would not be denied his desires.

Now, as he very much desired Jessie, and Jessie very much desired him, it is easy to imagine that no great period of time was allowed to elapse before he had exacted from the girl the promise of her hand.

Before friends and relations had began to gossip, when, indeed, they had just commenced to indulge themselves in a few preliminary efforts at jocularity at the young people's expense, it was announced that Jessie and her lover were engaged to be married, and that the wedding would take place very shortly.

This was the time of youth, the time of dreams, of warm, divinely foolish emotions; the time when the wine of love was in the bowl of life; the time when this young girl drank greedy draughts of the intoxicating nectar, never dreaming of the bitter dregs that she must drain to the last sour drops.

Well, she had her moments of ecstasy, and, as we shall see, her years of sorrow.

The draught was sweet, and the after-taste proportionately bitter.

The marriage was solemnised before a gathering of numerous relations and friends, some of whom threw rice over the bride, and showered over the happy couple congratulations and good wishes. The wedding festivities were humble, but joyful, and Jessie received many presents.

Misery, an unseen guest at this feast of Hymen, however, gave nothing.

That gift was kept in store.

A short period of blissful enchantment followed the solemnisation of the nuptials. But the joy and delight waned, and the realities of life, and the burden of existence became plainer and plainer to Jessie.

Poverty, labour, descending into mean drudgery, obscure and sordid environments, these were the hideous intruders that Misery pushed into the girl's fairyland of dreams and love-lit illusions.

Her husband, William Bevan, found work hard to procure; indeed, for some lengthy period of time he was without employment.

The young people eventually removed to lodgings in the neighbourhood of Newington Causeway, and there they remained for the remainder of their married life.

The days, the weeks, the months went past with dull regularity, during which time the husband forgot to make love to his wife. The struggle for existence, he argued, was too desperate to allow any further sentimentalities. He and his partner had had their day of love; now they must settle down to work for food, and a roof to cover them.

The man set about his task with a brutal determination, and without complaint, but then he had never expected anything better. The girl also took up her labours without complaint, but her heart ached for the precious dreams that had been dispelled, for the enchanted fairyland that had been transformed into Newington Causeway.

In the course of a year she gave birth to a child.

The days, the weeks, the months again went past with dull regularity.

Then came another child.

Jessie had changed considerably by now. She was no longer the laughter-loving girl that we have described, but a woman old in experience and disillusion. The first phase of her degeneration was her growing lack of interest in her personal appearance. When a woman loses her vanity she is very nearly derelict.

But Jessie was obliged to go to work every day, from the early morning till seven in the evening, and she could no longer be expected to have time or thought for finery and fripperies. Beasts of burden and heavy labour are not generally the handsomest animals.

Before leaving the three sparsely furnished rooms that constituted Jessie's home, she provided her husband's breakfast, and busied herself with household duties; then she went out, fought her way on to a tram, reached her "place of business," and slaved there during the greater part of the day, returning home in the evening to cook the supper, clean the household utensils, and wait upon her husband's bidding.

Every year brought her a child, and additional cares.

Her attire was now slovenly; she grew to look upon sitting on the doorsteps, during hot summer evenings, watching the children dance to a barrel organ, as an unsurpassed pleasure. Sometimes her husband was not drunk, and then Jessie would call herself happy, for deep down in her shrivelled heart there still smouldered a remnant of love's first fire.

She was fond of a glass of beer herself, and on very special occasions would indulge in "twos of gin," with a few women friends, who were linked into companionship by mutual suffering. These friends of Jessie's were different from the girl playmates of her youth. They had no ideals or dreams, but were mostly coarse, hard-featured creatures, weak in constitution with excessive child-bearing, strong in their usé of expressive language, and more or less all capable of defending themselves from their husband's fists.

William Bevan fell out of work again, but this time he had lost his character, and employment fought shy of him for the future.

His wife and family found it hard to live, the bare necessities that keep life in the body were difficult to procure, and the man determined to test his talents in undiscovered fields.

One day he came to Jessie and told her that they were now in comparative affluence, that he had had a stroke of luck, that she need no longer work, and that all she would in future be required to do would be to look after the home, which would be speedily transformed into a haven of luxury.

The young woman was stunned, dazed, and at first unbelieving, but such a sudden rush of good fortune is calculated to scare the wits of anybody in her position. When she was capable of realising the alteration of her position, it was with a heart overflowing with happiness and gratitude for the kindness of Providence that she set about beautifying the home, herself, and her children.

Misery, unseen but omnipresent, must have smiled grimly at the grand coup he was planning.

Jessie spent the next few days in buying clothes for the children and furniture for her home. She appeared in a new dress, with a faint flush of colour in her cheeks, and a glimmer of her old, forgotten smile on her pale lips. She began to experience emotions such as had been hers before her marriage. In a word, she became for one brief moment radiantly happy. She went out one morning to do some shopping, and returned in time to prepare the dinner.

Her husband was not at home.

The children told their mother that two gentlemen had called during her absence, and that their father had left in their company.

Soon afterwards Jessie learnt that her husband had been arrested for fraud. He was sentenced to two years' hard labour, and Jessie was left to support herself and children as best she could in the meantime.

The neighbours were not very sympathetic. They had always distrusted this sudden acquisition of wealth; they had always prophesied that nothing but evil could come of it, and now they had the satisfaction of seeing their words fulfilled.

"WHOSE CHILD IS THAT?"

For two days Jessie was incapable of doing anything.

She sat weeping amidst the ruins of her new-found paradise, weeping for her husband and weeping for her children.

For herself she did not weep; she who had been from her girlhood the sport of Misery and his malign satellites had now no use for tears.

But she sat alone and in silence, staring into space for hours and hours, a monument of grief that was recalled to life by a child crying in hunger.

The baby hands that plucked at her skirts must be soothed, the baby lips that cried for bread must be satisfied.

She put on her old dress and her old hat, discarding her newly-purchased finery, and walked to her old place of employment, and there applied for work.

It was refused her.

The business house was far too respectable to harbour the associates and relations of jail-birds.

Jessie tramped throughout that day, seeking the means to provide her children with food and lodging.

Ultimately she succeeded, engaging to do twice the work for half the money she had formerly received.

However, if her earnings were scanty, they sufficed to sustain life in the bodies of her children and herself.

Sufficed to keep body and soul together?

No! There was no need of this, for the soul had been long ago starved.

The children complained that their fellows pointed at them the finger of derision, and Jessie herself laboured under the stigma of her husband's guilt.

She was the subject of coarse and brutal jests at the business house where she worked, the object of insulting and frankly bestial attentions from the men of her acquaintance.

"Your old man's in chokee, Jess; why don't you 'ave a bit of a flutter on your own?" was the usual proposal of her male persecutors.

In all these trials nothing but the love of her children sustained her from ruin and death.

When the winter came expenses rose, and work was declined, and once more Jessie and her family came near to the brink of starvation.

Some of the furniture had to be pawned, but Jessie clung obstinately to her household goods, determined, with a glimmer of her old idealism, that her husband, on being liberated from his term of imprisonment, should find his home as good as he had left it.

She visited her husband as often as possible, and found him sullen, impenitent, and dejected.

He took her martyrdom as a matter of course, and never encouraged her to continue her fight against the world by word or look. As we have mentioned, during the winter Jessie was in sore straits; so much so, indeed, that a lady friend advised her to relinquish her present employment and go on the streets, as she would find it easier and more remunerative. To her credit, be it said, she did not adopt this advice.

No; her downfall was contrived by the all-pervading powers in a subtler fashion.

One day, returning home from her work, a young man, well-dressed and apparently prosperous, saw her pass in the glaring light of a gin-palace.

He ran after her, and tapped her on the shoulder.

"Don't you remember me, Jessie?"

Dazed and startled, the young woman stood blinking at him for a moment, uncertain of his identity.

Then a sudden rush of colour came into her wan, care-lined face, and she held out her hand, and said, "Certainly I do!"

The young man was a former sweetheart of hers, whom she had rejected in favour of Bevan. The young man had always sworn to have his revenge, and now grasped eagerly at the opportunity.

He insisted on her drinking with him, "for old sake's sake," as he sentimentally phrased it. He saw her home, met her the next night, saw her home again, and persisted in his attentions.

Jessie asked him to discontinue the constant meetings which he forced upon her. It was no use, she explained, because she was married. The young man laughed in his sleeve.

"This half-starved, miserable-looking creature thinks I still love her," he reflected; "as if I could admire a bundle of rags and bones! But as she played me a dirty trick once, worried by my attentions."

The trick he played was to one day ply her with drink, and to afterwards seduce her.

He then retired from the little drama, and we hear of him no more.

Jessie had not now the heart to despair. She simply endured.

She went through the daily routine of her life with mechanical precision, no longer thinking of happiness as a possibility, but recognising in affliction a familiar, and in sorrow an ever-faithful sister.

Four months before the day of her husband's release from gaol she gave birth to a child. She tended it with motherly care and affection, but as the time of her husband's return drew near she could not help speculating as to the manner in which he would receive the news of his wife's infidelity. On the day when he was expected home she left the house, as usual, in the morning for her daily work, but before leaving she entrusted to her sister the delicate task of informing Bevan of her conduct.

The man came back to his home in the afternoon, irritable and morose in temper.

Where was his wife?

Out at work!

Oh! And whose child have we here? Has Jessie turned the house into a nursery?

The trembling sister took the baby in her arms, and said in slow, distinct accents:

"This is your wife's child."

The man stared at her in stupefied amazement. His wife's child! His wife unfaithful! His wife the mother of this bastard brat!

He seized hold of his sister-in-law, and in terrible accents demanded an explanation. She had none to give. She could only repeat what had been told her by Jessie.

The man paced the room, muttering ejaculations of astonishment and incredulity. His wife unfaithful to him! Unfaithful to her lord and master! No, he would not believe it!

"Listen!" he cried. "I will never believe this cursed lie—for lie it is—until I have it from Jessie's own lips!"

In the evening Jessie came in, white to the lips, and with a scared look in her weary eyes. When she saw her husband, she went forward to kiss him, but he shook her off with an ugly gesture.

"Whose child is that?" he screamed. "Tell me that, woman, before you touch me. Tell me, tell me it is not yours."

"It is mine."

The words came forth hollow and cold from the mouth of the woman who stood staring with large, unemotional eyes, at the figure of her infuriated husband.

With an oath he struck her a blow on the face, a heavy swinging blow, that tore her lip.

With a cry she sank, bleeding and dishevelled, at his feet. She stretched out her hands, and caught at him, for he would have strode to the door.

"Stay, stay, my husband; forgive me, forgive me!" she moaned.

"Harlot!" he called her, and then spat at her in derisive rage and dashed out of the house.

Jessie lay where he left her, through the long night, weeping and wailing; but when the morning came she thought of her children, washed herself, and went as usual to her work. When she came home in the evening her husband had not returned.

This went on for several days; Jessie was always expecting him, and her expectations were always unfulfilled.

On the 12th of January, ten days after Bevan's release, she returned in the evening from her work to find a neighbour standing on her doorstep holding her little baby.

"Your husband has been here," said the woman. "He has been here with a van, and has taken away all the furniture.

"My God! Where are the children?"

"He took all the children with him, but he left the baby for me to give you, as he said he would not keep other people's bastards!"

Jessie took her baby and staggered past the woman at the door. She walked through the empty rooms, bare of any furniture, into her bedroom, where she found a bed.

She burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter at the kindness and forethought of her husband in leaving her a bed to lie upon.

She put the baby on the bed and walked out to the nearest chemist.

"I want a pennyworth of laudanum for the toothache," she said.

Then she went to another chemist and repeated her order, and so on, until she had accumulated a shillingsworth of laudanum.

Then she went back to her bare, desolate home and went to bed.

Mrs. Dunning, a lodger in the same house, feeling sorry for the girl, called in upon her early in the morning to know if she would like a cup of tea. She found Jessie writhing in agony.

The baby was dead.

The neighbours were aroused, and restoratives speedily applied to the prostrate woman. She was at once conveyed to Guy's Hospital, and there treated for some days before her life was assured.

An inquest was held over the body of the murdered infant, and the jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Jessie Bevan, with a strong recommendation to mercy.

The wretched mother, as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to be taken from the hospital, was charged with the crime, and after the preliminary proceedings at the police court, was sent for trial at the Old Bailey. In the dock she made a pitiable figure; haggard, careworn, prematurely old, with a look of unutterable weariness about her eyes, she seemed indeed some tortured phantom of unassuaged sorrow, rather than a commonplace woman who had lived under commonplace circumstances, in a commonplace age. The jury found her guilty of manslaughter, and the judge sentenced her to ten years' penal servitude.

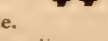
So she passes from our gaze, one of the many atoms that go to make up the sum of this old world's sorrow.

That she sinned greatly there can be no doubt, but had she been born under a more benevolent star, and had her life been girt by a different environment, it is possible that she might have been a good, if not a great woman.

Environment! that is the crux of the whole question!

The average human soul takes unto itself the colour of its environment, and becomes imbued with its attributes; it is only the extraordinary souls that rise above the shadows of squalid existence, and Jessie Bevan was not one of these.

She did not rise, but gradually sank, and was drowned in the sea of misery that engulfs in its mighty tides multitudes and ages of obscure humanity.



Sworn by Handshake.

At the extradition proceedings at Bow Street lately against Edward Meier and Sophie Leber, who eloped from Switzerland, it was objected that the witnesses on whose depositions the application was based had not been sworn, but had given their evidence on the "handshake."

This consists in shaking hands with the adjudicating magistrate, and promising to speak the truth.

For the Treasury it was pointed out that it was not customary to swear witnesses in Switzerland unless in important cases.

The Cost of Hanging.

The municipal documents of New Romney show that in the year 1593 the cost of hanging a man named Jeremy Whatelow was 10s. The timber for the gallows cost 8s., the setting-up of it 1s. 8d., and the rope 4d. Edward Mitchell, the hangman, received 5s. as his fee, and a special suit of clothes cost 7s. 5d.

To prevent accidents he had Father Gaskyn engaged in readiness to act if required, and to him was paid 6d., and the ringers of St. Nicholas had 1s. 6d. for ringing when the culprit was buried.

The criminal's goods were sold in the market square for £27 8s.; so there was a profit of £26 3s. 7d. on the transaction.

"Man is an apprentice; pain is his master; and none knows himself so long as he has not suffered."—A. DE MUSSET.

CHAPTER IX.

NOT many weeks ago, in an English prison, a man who had brutally murdered three people for the sake of putting a few sovereigns into his pocket expiated his crime on the gallows. From the time he was arrested until he met his painless death his welfare was the special care of the prison officials. He received better food than any other convict, spent his time reading and writing, and had a fairly comfortable time. His death agony probably lasted less than a second. This was a triple murderer, bear in mind.

Now we will describe the punishment of a man who inflicted a scratch upon a King.

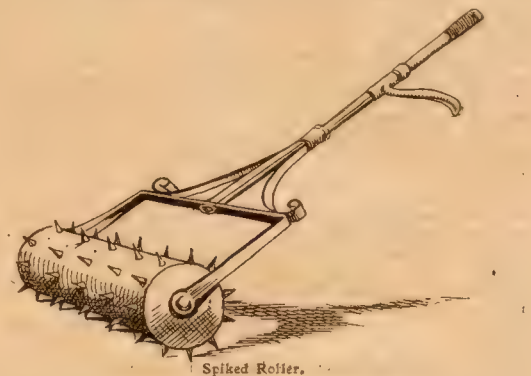
On January 5, 1757, Robert François Damiens made an

Iron Maiden of Nuremburg.

attempt on the life of Louis XV. The French monarch was getting into his coach at Versailles to go to Trianon, when Damiens sprang forward, jostled past the Dauphin, and stabbed the King under the right arm with a long knife. Louis almost fainted, but the knife scarcely touched him, for his body was protected by two very thick coats, as well as other garments, and only a slight wound was inflicted. The King was quickly carried to bed. Damiens was hurried to prison.

As soon as he arrived in the guard-room, the Garde-des-Sceaux and the Duc d'Ayen ordered the tongs to be heated. The unfortunate wretch shuddered as he heard the instruction, and he screamed in agony when, a few minutes later, the implements of torture, at a white heat, were brought into the room and applied to his bare flesh. Great pieces were torn from his legs, and Damiens was asked to name his accomplices or to incriminate the people who had suggested that he should take the life of the King. It was in vain that he protested he did not intend to kill Louis. Over and over again he averred that he only meant to frighten the monarch, but all to no purpose. The officials applied the tongs all the more, until they feared that the man would die under their hands. Then they desisted, and found that, as they wanted to prolong the man's life and his agony, they would have to adopt extraordinary measures. The wounds in the prisoner's legs were so terrible that they prevented his standing, so a special bed was improvised, and upon this Damiens was firmly strapped. Further, when he was carried to his dungeon he was wrapped up in mattresses, lest despair might tempt him to dash out his brains.

Day after day the tortures were repeated, and in addition to the red-hot pincers which tore the fleshy parts of his body

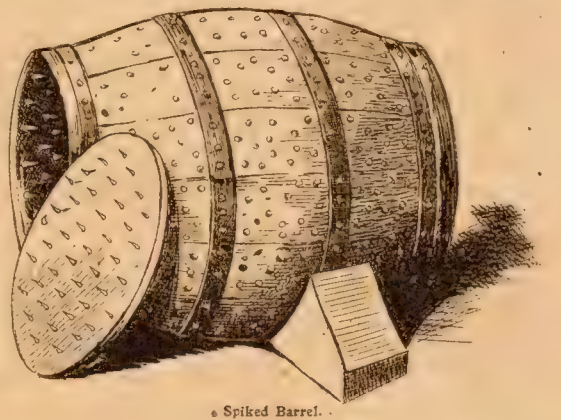


Spiked Roller.

he suffered under the infliction of molten wax, resin, and lead, whilst into his wounds boiling oil was poured. How the man survived this horrible treatment it is difficult to say. Yet he did, and, what is more, he kept up his courage.

Occasionally he, it is said, "amused himself by indicating a variety of innocent persons as his accomplices; and sometimes, more harmlessly, by playing the fool with his judges." In no instance did he sink either under terror or anguish. Once he was tortured for four hours, but he bore the agony with the greatest fortitude, and only emitted a few momentary yells. Eventually, this man of iron will and constitution was tried and condemned. It was decreed that the hand which had struck the blow should be burned at a slow fire, and this was done. Damiens repeatedly fainted under the awful agony, but he was restored to consciousness, the torture being suspended until he had recovered his senses, when his hand, or what was left of it, was again placed in the brazier. Once again were the red-hot pincers and melted metals used upon him, and eventually he was taken to the Place de Grève, where he was to suffer death. Four horses were brought to the place of execution, and one of these animals was attached to each limb. At a given signal the horses all darted forward, each in a different direction, and Damiens was in a few minutes torn to pieces, to the accompaniment of the howls of a mob of many thousands, who seemed to enjoy the fearful spectacle. That is how they punished would-be regicides in France in the "good old times."

Let us see how they dealt with traitors and others in Nuremburg in the olden times. Most of our readers have pro-



Spiked Barrel.

bably heard of the Iron Maiden of that famous city. It was there known as the "Eiserne Jungfrau," and was one of the most infamous of the great array of torture implements which emanated from that place. It was a terror-inspiring instrument, and mention of its name alone often sufficed to coerce a fear-stricken wretch into giving a confession.

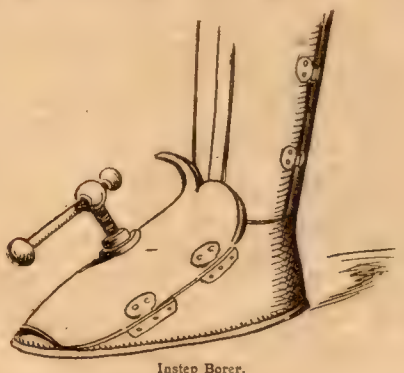
The illustration shows what a truly awful appliance the Iron Maiden was. The nicely-carved head and by no means bad-featured face give no sign of the iniquities of the body, which is made of wood, strongly bound together with iron bands. A pair of doors hinged at the sides and opening in the centre serve to reveal the interior of the figure, which fairly bristles with rows of gleaming and cruelly-sharp iron spikes. A person condemned to an embrace from the Maiden

was placed inside the body, the doors were forced together, and the spikes would enter various parts of the body. Two pierced the eyes, others the cheeks, back, and breast; in fact, the victim was impaled alive in such a manner that he lingered sometimes for days, all the while suffering the most agonising torture.

Death alone ended his sufferings, and when life was extinct a trap-door in the base of the figure was pulled open, and the horribly-mutilated body fell into the moat below, dropping on to a series of sharp knives, which literally cut it to pieces.

The figure shown in our sketch bears the date of the fifteenth century, and doubtless many a poor wretch ended his career in its deadly embrace.

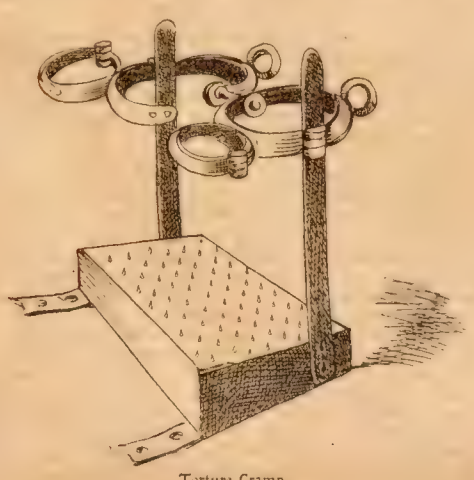
Huge iron spikes played a prominent part in many instruments of torture even in the earliest times. We have already described the "spiked hare," which was used in conjunction



Instep Borer.

with the rack, being rolled over a victim's body, but there was another machine which was just as deadly in its effects, but which, however, did not come into general use. It was practically a copy of the "hare," but with the addition of a long handle. The prisoner was laid out naked on the floor of the execution shed, his arms and legs being drawn apart as far as possible and then pegged down so that it was impossible for him to move. Then the roller, which bristled with row upon row of spear points, was passed over his body. The first time the executioner put no weight on the handle, and, as the machine was not particularly heavy, the spikes would only just perforate the skin, inflicting, of course, intense agony. At each succeeding operation, however, the executioner would put his weight on the handle, and the spikes would sink into the flesh until they met and jarred on the bones. Often the victim died before the torture ended—rarely did he survive more than an hour or so.

Exactly similar in its effect was the spiked barrel which was used in remote times, and which invariably ended in the death of the criminal. The barrel was profusely studded with long, sharp nails, sword blades, and knives. The victim was placed inside, the head of the barrel was fixed, and then the whole contrivance was set rolling. It would be started along a flat road near a hill, and the prisoner would soon be gashed from head to foot in a ghastly manner. Then as the incline was reached the barrel would gather speed and of its own volition it would dash downhill at a frightful pace. Sometimes it smashed and discharged its bleeding, mutilated contents, no longer a human being, but a mass of tattered flesh and



Torture Cramp.

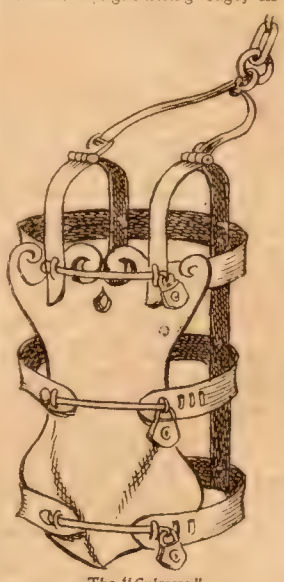
broken bones, or else it reached the bottom of the hill intact and was opened there, to display an indescribably horrible sight.

This was not a very ingenious instrument, but it was terribly effective. A sandal, or boot, which comes from Spain, and which was used there in the Middle Ages, however, combines both "qualities," if the word can be used in connection with such fiendish appliances. The boot was made of hard wood, bound with iron, and just above the instep was fixed an exceedingly powerful screw. This was in turn attached to a triangular spike, the sides of which were grooved, whilst the edges were as sharp as razors. The foot of the prisoner condemned to be tortured was fastened in the boot, and then the screw was set in motion, driving the spike clean through flesh and bone. The wound was one which rarely healed, and sometimes, when the prisoner was thrown into his reekingly-filthy dungeon to recover as best he could, mortification would speedily set in, and in a day or so the executioners would have nothing to wreak their vengeance on but the corpse of their victim.

Equally ingenious was the contrivance which figures in our next illustration. Doubtless our readers are familiar with one of the Swedish exercises which are taught at the gymnasium. You place your feet together, raise your hands above your head, and then bend slowly forward until the tips of your fingers touch the floor. You rise immediately, but, if you are not used to exercise, feel a little soreness in your sinews and muscles. In the olden times prisoners were forced to remain in the bent attitude for hours together, a really terrible punishment, the pain of which was felt for many a day. The man was made to stand on a plate well covered with sharp spikes, his legs were clamped into iron holders, and when he bent forward his arms were similarly confined. The footplate was of sufficient width to prevent overbalancing, and the fetters were so tight that the prisoner had no chance of moving or of easing his position in the slightest degree. Thus he stood, whilst the spikes gradually ploughed their way into his naked feet and with every muscle in his body aching under the strain of the position in which he was fettered.

Under such circumstances every moment was long drawn out and filled with agony, and when, as was frequently the case, the executioners came along and amused themselves by dropping some boiling lead on the victim's neck, his punishment was increased a thousand-fold.

Almost exactly similar in the excruciating pain which they inflicted were the braces at one time in use at Munich and Nuremburg. The contrivance consisted of three or four iron belts connected with metal shoulder-pieces, the whole of which when placed on a prisoner's body could be securely fastened with a lock at the lower band. When applied the braces formed a tight-fitting cage, in which it was quite impossible for the victim to obtain any rest. His arms were closely clamped to his side, the lower belt prevented him from sitting down, and also would not allow him to stride more than a few inches at a time, whilst other iron attachments fitted to the top of the instrument held his head firmly in one position.



The "Cuirasse."

Thus a prisoner was kept for days, and even weeks. If, by any chance, he fell off to sleep, and thus managed to forget his pain, the gaolers saw to it that he was immediately awakened, and thus fully realised the terrible punishment he was undergoing. Except when the tortured one happened to be a man of extreme courage, it was not long before his mind broke down under the strain, and he became a raving lunatic. Then his bonds would be removed, and if he committed suicide—well, it meant that there was one prisoner less to be fed and guarded.

The other little instrument we illustrate this week was used when sentence had gone forth that the prisoner's ears were to be cut off. The machine was applied to the head and made the ears stand out so that they could be more easily lopped off. If this were done with a knife no other part of the poor wretch's body would suffer, but sometimes the executioners made use of the torture to try the degree of sharpness of their swords. The weapon would flash through the air and in a second part of the prisoner's ear would be on the floor of the cell, whilst the sword would have penetrated the man's shoulder as well. The executioners would have two

or three cuts at each ear, and never troubled to stop the descent of their sword until it had inflicted the further injury mentioned.

There are several notable instances of famous men who bore up in a remarkable manner under the most severe tortures. Robert Southwell, the poet and Jesuit martyr, is one of these.

Ear Chopper.

Southwell had a most romantic career. He was born in 1562, at Horsham St. Faith's, in Norfolk, and whilst in his cradle was stolen by a gipsy woman. She carried him off, but was traced, and the child was returned to his parents. When Southwell grew up he was sent to the Continent to be educated. He went to Rome, and was received into the Society of Jesus, was ordained priest in 1584, and three years later returned to England, where he was sheltered by Lord Vaux, and afterwards he became domestic chaplain to the Countess of Arundel and spent six peaceful years. Then it is recorded he was betrayed into the hands of the authorities, was kept some weeks and "infamously tortured ten times in the house of an abandoned ruffian named Topcliffe, then transferred to the Gatehouse, and next to a noisome dungeon in the Tower. 'Though thirteen times most cruelly tortured,' writes Cecil, 'he cannot be induced to confess anything, not even the colour of the horse whereon on a certain day he rode.' After three years' close imprisonment, he wrote to entreat the grace of an open trial to Cecil, who is said to have made the brutal reply that 'if he was in so much haste to be hanged he should have his desire.' He was conveyed to Newgate and, after three days' confinement in limbo, carried to Westminster for trial. The inevitable sentence followed, and on February 22, 1595, he suffered at Tyburn, the victim of a barbarous statute, with all the high courage of the primitive martyrs."

Another priest who suffered with heroic fortitude was one Hurley, an Irishman, who, in Dublin, in 1583, had his feet toasted against the fire. This means that his extremities were literally burned off, and Hurley, under the awful punishment, kept a still tongue and defied his persecutors. The people in authority then were horribly callous, as an incident which occurred in Ireland in 1627 plainly shows. The Lord Deputy doubted whether he had authority to put a priest named O'Cullinan upon the rack. An answer was returned to him by Lord Killultagh to the effect that "You ought to rack him if you saw cause and hang him if you found reason." The Lord Deputy found both.

Another instance of wonderful courage is supplied by the case of Jean Calas, who, in 1762, met with a tragic fate at Toulouse. Calas, an old man of 64, had been a shopkeeper in the town mentioned for over 40 years, and had gained general esteem for the amiability and probity of his character. Except for one son, all the family were Protestants. The eldest boy, Marc-Antoine, was much depressed because, as a Protestant, he was debarred from following his profession as an advocate and he committed suicide. A crowd gathered when the tragedy became known, and someone cried, "Marc-Antoine has been murdered by his father because he intended to become a Catholic!" This monstrous idea at once took possession of the public and the magistrates who were investigating the affair. The poor old man was arrested and thrown into prison, whilst the dead son was accorded the general honours of a martyr.

Calas was treated with fiendish cruelty. He was repeatedly tortured to extort a confession, but the old man protested his innocence. Many of the barbarous instruments we have described were used on his frail body, but all in vain. There was absolutely no evidence to support the charge, but, nevertheless, Calas was brought to trial. When he arrived at the court-house he passed a huge fire, into which the public executioner was throwing copies of a Protestant pamphlet. Calas thought that he, too, would be thrown into the flames, and was seized with a violent fit of trembling. This was taken as an indication of guilt, and he was condemned to a worse death than that which he had contemplated.

The sentence was carried out on March 9, 1762, the old man enduring a lingering death of two hours' duration. First he was stretched out on the floor of the execution shed and every bone in his body was smashed with a heavy iron bar. Then he was stretched on the wheel which we have described in a previous article, and was left there until he died. To the last he protested his innocence.

Three years later the fact that the lad had committed suicide was proved to the satisfaction of the Court which had condemned Calas. They solemnly annulled the death sentence and pronounced Calas innocent. But this, as we have said, was after three years.

A French Ripper.

THE STORY OF PHILIPPE, THE WAREHOUSE PORTER, WHO WAS THE PROTOTYPE OF THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERER.

"Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!"
—"Hamlet"

SUCH general consternation and shuddering horror as ran through the length and breadth of the land at the deeds of the inhuman fiend, known in this country as Jack-the-Ripper, in the year 1888, were equalled, if not surpassed, twenty-two years before in France. For three long years a reign of terror held the "unfortunates" of Paris in its rough, red grasp. During that period no fewer than ten women of this class had been done to death by a monster who successfully evaded every effort of the police to lay their hands upon him. The boldness with which these crimes were perpetrated, and the immunity of the assassin from arrest, led to the same sort of scare as that which, nearly fifteen years ago, made London a city of fear and trembling. The dread was appalling, and the poor women who plied their miserable trade were reduced to terrible straits in consequence. The ruffian seemed ubiquitous. Unlike his English imitator, he did not confine his horrible operations to one locality, or one section of so-called "gay" women, but tracked down his victims indiscriminately among the cocottes of Paris. Of course it was impossible for him to reach those who belonged to the more select class—the aristocracy of prostitution—for his purse precluded admission to such a circle, but as far as his means went, he spared none. Nor was it to the capital alone that he confined his atrocities. Being occasionally employed as a commercial traveller by the firm of carvers, gilders, and picture-frame makers for whom he worked, he went into the provinces, where at least seven unhappy victims paid the penalty of their trust. At his trial—for he was eventually captured—the judge said that the list was probably far from complete, and this was also the opinion of the French police, than whom a more astute body does not exist. At that time the head of the Paris detective force was the celebrated "Monsieur Claude," but even his cleverness availed nothing against this infamous and daring wretch, until his own overweening confidence placed him in the hands of the law he had so long defied.

On the morning of January 9th, 1866, the inhabitants of the French capital were thrown into a state of the wildest excitement and alarm by the report of another diabolical murder committed on the person of Marie Bodeux, a girl of the same kind as those who had already been assassinated. No wonder Paris was awestricken by this latest exploit, making the tenth of the shocking series. Not only was the crime perpetrated under circumstances of revolting ferocity, but the murderer had selected as the scene of the outrage a house the ground floor of which was occupied as a police station. The public in London, at the time when "Jack-the-Ripper" was urging on his atrocious career, thought the challenges

flung out to the authorities in the shape of post-cards and letters the ne plus ultra of contemptuous sarcasm. His predecessor in Paris had gone far beyond him. Besides, the police had a clear and detailed description of the ruffian furnished to them eighteen months before by a girl whose singular presence of mind delivered her from his clutches. The assassin was perfectly well aware of this, but seemed to pay no heed. He went about his ordinary avocations without fear, and sallied forth quite openly upon his hideous errands. He was not a man, either, whose appearance would be likely to pass unnoticed in a crowd. Without laying too much stress on his thick, black hair and bushy beard, as the latter could have been easily shaved, and the former cropped close, after the French fashion, for the purpose of disguise, Joseph Philippe, as his name turned out to be, was deeply pitted with smallpox, and had a conspicuous tattoo mark on his right arm.

Notwithstanding these aids to identification, the man walked boldly past the police in their station on the ground floor, and climbed the stair to the apartment of Marie Bodeux above. The girl was on most intimate terms with an old man of 73 living in an upper storey. The latter never failed to wish Marie good night as he came home of an evening. On the night of January 8, when he returned to his dwelling he found the outer door of the girl's room open, and turned in there, but, on getting as far as the bedroom, he saw by the flickering light of a candle a stranger arranging his necktie and brushing his hair in front of the looking-glass. The old man, of course, discreetly retired, with the intention of returning in a few minutes. He did so, and then observed that the stranger was hurriedly preparing to depart. The girl's old friend paused in the doorway, when the man, with a muttered good night, brushed rapidly past. Then the old fellow entered the bedchamber, and discovered the poor young "unfortunate" weltering in her blood. Stumbling down the stairs as best he could, he gave the alarm to the police, and the hue and cry was at once raised. The moment the detectives saw the body they had no difficulty in recognising the handiwork of the mysterious demon who had slain the girl Robert, the woman Mage, and all the others, and had also planned the destruction of the girl Foucher. It was this last who had supplied the police with the description of the murderer on the morning after the assassination of Julie Mage and her child, and also told them of her providential escape the same night. She had been closeted with him in her own room, but, becoming suspicious, she by a ruse inveigled him into the street, but not until she had examined the tattoo mark on his arm. It consisted, strange to say, of the sentence, "I am born under an unlucky star," the last word being replaced by a bad drawing of the thing itself. It was this which aroused her suspicions, as well as his sinister countenance and figure. She thought him a convict escaped from the hulks, and so by a clever pretence got rid of him. The English "Jack," on being frustrated in Berner Street before the complete execution of his hellish design, at once sought another quarry. So his French prototype, frustrated by Foucher, lost no time in accosting Julie Mage. He did not even go so far afield as his British imitator, for Mage lived in the same street as Foucher, the Rue St. Marguerite, notorious as the headquarters of the intra-mural Paris rag-pickers. The girl Foucher watched him from behind her door after he had left, and saw him enter the house where Julie lived, and, next morning, when the crime was discovered, she gave her evidence to the police without delay.

That was eighteen months before, and, notwithstanding the clue, the police were as puzzled as ever. They had no doubt in their minds of the identity of the murderer of Marie Bodeux with the assassin of many other females, but they almost despaired of capturing him.

IN AN INSTANT THE PILLOW-CASE WAS FLUNG OVER HER HEAD.

The blood-stained water in the washstand told them he had taken the same precautions as on previous occasions. True, by an oversight, he had left the razor with which the deed was committed behind, but it bore no maker's name, only an English trade-mark, and even that might have been forged. Marie's purse was gone, and her wardrobe searched, but as the poor girl possessed no valuables nothing was taken. It was little use for the detectives to try the lodging-houses, for they had been hunted through times without number, showing that the fiend evidently occupied a room or rooms by himself, and thus avoided registration at the Prefecture of Police. They certainly had an excellent description of the wretch, but in those pre-vaccination days in Paris there were thousands pitted with smallpox. The authorities had nearly lost hope, when the murderer himself, still further emboldened by his success, grew so careless in his methods as to run his head under the knife at last.

It was on the third morning after the murder of Marie Bodeux that the Paris mystery was solved. The blood-

drinker, as he was called by the Parisians, had now conceived the idea of flying at higher game than the class he had heretofore practised upon. It would seem that he despised the facility with which the ordinary women of the town were despatched, and determined to find victims within the chaste community.

Among the customers of the firm of picture-frame makers in the Faubourg St. Germains, where he worked, was a lady artist named Madame Midy, living in the Rue d'Erfurth. On January 11th he presented himself at the lady's apartments to inquire for a tool which he pretended to have left behind on the last occasion he was at work there. When Madame Midy replied that no such thing had been found in her room, he drew a pillowcase from beneath his blouse, and asked if it were hers. Disgusted with his persistence and importunities, which were becoming somewhat impertinent, the lady turned away. In an instant the pillowcase was flung over her head, and the brute endeavoured to get to work in his usual way—first to strangle partially, and then to cut the throat.

In a desperate effort to free herself from his foul grasp, Madame Midy set her teeth firmly in the hand with which he was trying to stifle her cries. Fortunately, her studio was only divided from another by a thin partition, and a neighbour, hearing the sound of the struggle, rushed immediately to the rescue. The friend knocked at the door, and receiving no answer, flung open the window on the landing, and shouted for the concierge. Having done so, he knocked again. This time the door was opened by an individual, who said, in the coolest way possible, "Madame has been taken suddenly ill, and I am going for a doctor. I don't think there's much the matter."

Calmly the would-be murderer proceeded down the stairs, and was crossing the courtyard when he heard the shrill cries of Madame Midy: "Stop him! stop him! He has tried to murder me!" At that he took to his heels, but was soon caught and overpowered. A very long-bladed knife was found upon him, and on searching his room, blood-stained garments were discovered, as well as the purse of poor Marie Bodeux, and an empty razor-case.

The rest was plain-sailing for the authorities. Foucher and another girl identified him as the man who accosted Julie Mage on the night when he had been so cleverly got rid of by the first-mentioned, and the second also recognised him as a person who had attempted to strangle her two years before.

The evidence gathered together against him at his trial was overwhelming, but he received a wonderfully good character from his employers, the only fault they brought against him being his fondness for drink. He was good-tempered, and generally liked when sober, and had been five years in his situation. He had served in the army, too, with credit, until drunkenness set its seal upon him, when he was sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and sent to the "punishment battalion" in Algiers (the Foreign Legion). It was to possess himself of money wherewith to gratify his passion for drink that he robbed his victims. He was discharged from the army in 1860, and twelve months afterwards he went to Paris, and entered the service of the firm in the Faubourg St. Germains. When he actually began his long career of crime no one could tell, for after his arrest he boasted so profusely that it was impossible to sift the truth from the lies; but there is too good reason to believe that he had not been very long in the capital before he found his first victim.

For the defence, his advocate pleaded "homicidal mania," the result of erotic epilepsy, which the reader may remember was the theory advanced by Dr. Forbes Winslow to account for the action of "Jack the Ripper" at the time of the Whitechapel mutilations. The force of bad example was another plea put forward, with the consequent impulse through brooding over a couple of murders of "unfortunates" which occurred in Paris shortly after his arrival there. Those murders, however, arose from other motives than those which actuated Philippe, whose lust for blood carried him to excesses beyond all conception.

After a long trial, during which he bore himself with the most callous indifference, making ribald remarks to the judge and jury, and bragging of unspeakable horrors, which probably had never been perpetrated, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be guillotined.

At his execution, the crowds which assembled were enormous, and the police had their hands full in partially preserving order, for it was next thing to impossible to restrain the frantic people. The scenes around the prison doors could only have occurred in France. Bands of frenzied cocottes, accompanied by half-drunken youths, danced and sang lewd songs from the evening before until daybreak, when the culprit was led forth. Vast sums were paid by the wealthier inhabitants of Lutetia for the privilege of seats at the windows overlooking the grim little square. The Second Empire was then in the full blaze of its meteoric splendour, and it is said that fine Court ladies were present to witness the end of the wretch who had done to death so many of their humbler sisters. However that may be, it cannot be denied that the excitement regarding Philippe was not confined alone to the lower orders. Even duchesses shuddered at mention of his name, and a great gasp of relief escaped from all classes when it was known that the dread sentence of the law had been properly carried out.

As is the rule in France, he was kept in ignorance until the last moment of the hour at which his execution should take place. The fact did not trouble him, however. He spent his time in laughing, joking, and playing cards with his gaolers, or in boasting of the many crimes he had committed, and the clever way in which he had baffled the police. He was especially proud of the Marie Bodeux exploit as exhibiting an amount of daring which had never been excelled in criminal records; but he admitted having made a mistake when he attempted to murder Madame Midy. "Had I not deserted my cocottes," he said, "Monsieur Claude and all his satellites might have gone to the devil; they would never have caught me."

On the fatal morning when Monsieur de Paris, the generic name for French executioners, was ushered into the condemned cell, accompanied by a priest, Philippe was sleeping soundly. He had stated during the trial that drink was necessary to him to drown the frightful apparitions that haunted him; but afterwards the visions never troubled him, so it is believed that the statement was made merely to gain sympathy. His brother-employés also spoke of his seeing hideous phantoms at times which drove him to drink; but they imagined that the drink was the exciting cause of the phantoms—in other words, that he suffered from occasional attacks of delirium tremens.

At all events, there were no spectres about his pillow when the executioner approached him shortly after four o'clock on the last morning of his iniquitous life. On being awakened and told that he was about to die, he arose without a tremor, and dressed himself in the clothes he had worn at the trial. Then he submitted without a murmur to the hair-cutting and neck-shaving process, which is a preliminary of every French execution. The razor-like blade of the guillotine must perform its bloody work without impediment. Philippe rejected the services of the priest, but partook of the glass of cognac which was handed to him with much gusto, drinking to the health of Monsieur de Paris and the gaolers. Then he was led forth amid howls of execration from the assembled multitude. He never blanched, but looked round upon the mighty, shrieking throng with calm contempt, and walked to his doom with as firm a tread as that with which he would have followed the drum in his soldiering days. Without uttering a word, he was strapped to the travelling-table of the ugly machine, and in a few seconds the black-haired head, with its deeply-pitted face, was rolling in the sawdust of the basket.

So perished one of the most diabolical scoundrels the world has ever seen, going to his richly-merited death with the bravery and calmness of an innocent man. Nothing in his life became him so well as his leaving it.

Joseph Philippe was thirty-four at the time of his execution, a stout-built, thick-set man of middle height, who might have lived for a number of years to send many more unhappy girls to another world had he not made the crowning error of believing too firmly in his own infallibility. May all such meet with a like reward.

A HUMOROUS fellow being subpœnaed as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who had been notorious for brow-beating witnesses, asked him what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened. He answered, "Just four feet five inches and a-half." "How come you to be so very exact, fellow?" asked the counsel. "Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said he, "and so I measured it."

A WITNESS was called upon to testify concerning the reputation of another witness for veracity. "Why," said he, "I hardly know what to tell you. M—— sometimes jests and jokes, and then I don't believe him; but when he undertakes to tell anything for a fact, I believe him as much as I do the rest of my neighbours."

Modern Piracy

How the most romantic crime keeps up to date.

TO talk about pirates in these days of peace brings one back to the dark ages when gallant buccaneers—if we are to believe the histories, but who were generally very great ruffians—sailed the Spanish Main flying the black flag at their mast-heads and levying tolls from every vessel they encountered, or slaying the crew and taking entire possession of the envied craft. Still, for all that, piracy exists to-day in waters which are supposed to be completely controlled by the British Navy.

Take the Persian Gulf and the seas leading up to it. Any number of piratical dhows are to be found there, and one of the most arduous of the duties of the officers commanding the gunboats which patrol that area is to detect pirates and bring the ringleaders of this sea-burglary to justice.

So cunning have the Arab and "seedy boy" pirates become, that it has been found necessary for us to add to our navy a series of dhows, fully armed, but, to all outward appearances, similar to native craft, for the express purpose of catching these pirates and to capture slave-traders.

Here is a case of piracy which occurred less than twenty years ago, and which cost the life of one Englishman and the wounding of several others. The British India steamship, "Cashmire," was lying in the Shat-el-Arab river—the broad estuary formed by the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates—waiting to proceed to Busrah. She had on board a large quantity of specie, as well as several consignments of pearls, which she had brought from the fishery grounds at Bahrein. News of the convertible wealth on board of her reached a band of pirates, who were prowling about the waters between Bahrein and the mouth of the river, seeking what prey they might pick up, and they determined to risk the little run up the estuary and try to capture the valuables.

Under cover of the night, they left their dhow at the bar which guards the mouth of the great river, and crept up to the steamer in "ballams," a species of long, narrow canoe. All on board were asleep, save for the second engineer, who was on "bank fire watch," or guarding the engines, and one quartermaster, who was supposed to be on the look-out. Silently the canoes stole up to the vessel, and before the "secunni," or quartermaster, could give the alarm, the robbers had swarmed up the sides, gagged him, and were making for the purser's cabin, where they knew they would find some of the treasure, and get the keys of the store-rooms, where the rest was deposited.

Just as they were making for the cabin, the second engineer came up the hatchway from the engine-room to get a breath of fresh air, and, seeing the thieves, made for them with a heavy spanner which he carried. At the same instant the pirates broke into the purser's cabin, and before he could offer any resistance his throat was cut. The scuffle with the engineer, a hardy Scot, aroused the ship, and the officers, with their rifles and revolvers, drove off the band of marauders, shooting several, who fell into the river.

The sound of firing on board the British ship awoke the sentinels of the Sultan of Mahomerah, opposite whose palace the vessel was moored, and, for his own protection, he sent off boats to follow, and, if possible, capture, the delinquents, feeling sure that if he did not do so he would be answerable for the outrage on the British flag, inasmuch as the incident took place within his jurisdiction.

Whether he ever actually captured the real robbers is unknown to this day, but certain it is that a few days later he hanged a score of nominal pirates along the banks of the river. For this prompt act of justice he is saluted with one gun by every British India steamer that passes his palace, a salute which he promptly returns.

Further east, the pirates are yet more daring and more up-to-date in the craft which they use for the pursuit of their business. Less than a year ago a band of Chinese pirates attacked a Portuguese vessel in the West River, severely wounding the purser, who was the only man to show fight, and carrying off a large amount of booty. They had varied their usual tactics for the occasion.

Previously the only chance which pirates along the Chinese seaboard had was to ship in the projected vessels as passengers, and, when all was quiet, to rush on deck, kill the men on duty, and take what they wanted. This plan was necessitated by the incapacity of their junks to keep up with even a slow steamer.

To guard against this mode of attack, it has been customary for some time for boats regularly carrying passengers in those waters to have all the Chinamen on the lower or main deck, and to have iron gratings covering the hatchways. This prevented the rascals from coming up without giving notice, and also allowed their movements to be watched by men appointed for that purpose.

Knowing this, the pirates have now invested in a specially speedy steam launch, with which they run alongside any merchant steamer, and, after pouring a few volleys into her, board her, collar whatever loot they can get, and disappear almost as suddenly as they came. In the case of the Portuguese vessel, the pirates did not get much in the way of booty, but it is certain that since then they have attacked several other ships, and escaped with impunity. It may be argued that there is a British gunboat stationed on the West River, but the pirates know exactly where she is, and act accordingly.

TORTURE IN MODERN FRANCE.

How Our Gentle Neighbours Extort Confessions.

THEY have strange and ghastly ways of extracting confessions from suspected criminals in France; ways that make the "third degree" of New York police seem kindly by comparison.

Recently a monk, Brother Flamidieu, was accused of the murder of a little boy who had been his pupil. The evidence against the accused was of the flimsiest character but it was so misrepresented by the officials that the populace was made to believe the monk a monster incarnate. The result was that a mob gathered outside the walls of the insecure prison in which he was confined and howled for his blood. The officials began their system of extorting a confession by throwing open the window of the monk's cell, so that he should be obliged to hear the threats and denunciations of the mob.

While the tumult was loudest, gendarmes entered his cell and fastened a bandage over his eyes. He was then hustled into a cab and driven slowly through the crowd, which surged about the vehicle and struck at the prisoner through the open windows. The monk did not know that he was being taken to a hospital where fresh mental torture awaited him.

With his eyes still bandaged the prisoner was led from the cab, through a passage, and into a room. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes. He found himself in total darkness.

Suddenly there was a blaze of light, and the unhappy monk found himself standing beside a bier, upon which lay the body of the murdered boy, with every ghastly wound gaping. Before he could gather his wits a more horrible thing occurred; the body slowly turned its head and the eyes opened to stare fixedly at the man accused of crime. The monk did not know that skilled men had worked for hours to devise an apparatus which, by working upon the muscles of the body, should produce the effect he had seen.

While he looked the monk found his head seized from behind, while a terrible voice vociferated: "Confess your crime, you murderer!" It was the Juge d'Instruction—the magistrate—who thus sought to wring a confession from the horror-stricken man.

There did not come a confession, for Brother Flamidieu, who had sunk upon his knees in an agony of sorrow at the piteous sight of his former pupil, bent forward and kissed the bare feet of the little lad and then prayed aloud.

Finding that no confession could be extorted from him, Brother Flamidieu was then hurried back to his prison, pursued by the execrations of the students and the mob.

A MAN who had been terribly troubled with lawsuits, long before the institution of the Strand Palace of Justice, went one day to Tyburn to see an execution, and then swore 'twas better to have to do with Tyburn than Westminster Hall, for there suits hanged half-a-year, but at Tyburn half-an-hour's hanging ended all.

Criminal Problems

ATHEISM AND CRIME.

STRANGE as it may appear, few of the unfortunate beings who find their way into our prisons profess atheism. While at liberty the fluency of some secularist lecturer may carry them away for a short time from the tiny fragment of religion with which they are possessed, but the moment that adversity falls on the criminal he begins to show leanings towards prayer. That the law-breaker, considered as an habitual offender, should readily be influenced by the oratory of a Hyde Park preacher is not at all curious, for, with the exception of the highly-educated miscreant, whose métier is forgery or gigantic frauds, the criminal is usually very impressionable and readily affected by his fellows, but where the spark of religious feeling has been practically quenched for years it is hard to understand why it flares up in prisons.

This is the more remarkable inasmuch as few of the old offenders, whose faces are well known to almost every officer in the prison service, ever attend a church when at liberty, unless it be for the very pious purpose of picking pockets. While in gaol, however, chapel is the only bright spot in the daily routine, and to be prevented from attending the service is a punishment greatly dreaded by the convicts.

Every one who enters a prison is asked on admission what religion he or she professes, and from the registers kept by the authorities it should not be difficult to determine what headway atheism is making among the black sheep of the community. In one year alone 28,351 persons were admitted into three of the great Metropolitan gaols, and of this vast number only 57 described themselves as atheists, and this number must be further discounted inasmuch as Orientals of every kind are entered under this heading by the prison officials.

Occasionally, however, a prisoner is found who actually does declare himself as a professed atheist, and these form a very interesting study to those who are fond of psychological problems.

Prison atheists may be divided into two distinct classes. First come those who disavow any belief in a God, and explain their strange mental condition as follows: When young they have had a surfeit of religion, usually presented to them in its most unattractive form. Their creed has had little influence on their actions, for they have learnt to detest everything connected with church or chapel. At the time of their first fall, not followed by detection, the horrors which they have been told from childhood will invariably overtake the wrongdoer crowd into their minds and they are temporarily shocked. Life, nevertheless, goes on as calmly as before, and the sinner, finding that he is not unhappy, comes to the wise conclusion that sin is not as black as it has been painted.

A lecture from some devotee of psychic philosophy, or other secularist association, settles the matter for the learned theologian, and he at once decides that, as he has not been immediately punished for his misdeeds, there is no Power capable of punishing him. Conscience is thus lulled to rest, and the new-born atheist, finding his want of belief less irksome than the religion taught him in his childhood, professes himself an atheist, without even fully understanding the meaning of the word.

Now the offences which usually bring these professing infidels into the clutches of the law are theft and swindling, and the reason is this:—As a rule the class of atheist that the criminal gets acquainted with are those who preach atheism as a cloak for their democratic theories, and their lectures deal less with the speculative existence of a God than with the justice of equal distribution of property and such-like nonsense. The weak-minded youth, with no principle to control his evil propensities, readily listens to the fanatic declaiming against the rich, and, when temptation comes, persuades himself that he is only taking what is his own when he commits a theft or swindles his employer. Thanks to the tact employed by the prison chaplains, scepticism soon gives way to a more healthy frame of mind, and the emulator of irresponsible spouters leaves prison as a Christian, often never to return to it.

The second body of atheists are mostly composed of drunken heathens, who say that they have no creed in the hopes that their misdeeds may not be dilated upon by the chaplain. They call themselves infidels, but in reality they are nothing of the kind. Drink and debauchery have so dulled their perception of right and wrong that they never feel the qualms of conscience, and have no thought for anything beyond the possibility of obtaining drink. Their crimes are usually those of violence committed after some drunken orgie. When sobriety has been enforced for a time they are amenable to reason and profess penitence, only to return to their former state the moment they are on the right side of the prison door.

From these two divisions of atheists it will be seen that in neither case is the professed infidel sincere, and equally in neither case is the absence of creed the actual cause of transgression. Agnostics and sceptics have made much of the small number of their followers who become amenable to the laws of the land, but they forget that few criminals have the mental faculties to understand the secularist arguments, and fewer still have the least inclination to worry themselves about matters religious unless they are in prison and have nothing better to do.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

A Prison Paper.

HOW different our prison system is to-day compared with the "Times of Torture," described in our previous numbers.

In the Sing-Sing Prison of New York the prisoners are even allowed to produce a newspaper, which is published twice a week; it has its editors, artists, publishers, contributors, and compositors, all of them being men under sentence.

It is now three years since the first number was issued, and the journal is acknowledged to be the finest method of reformation ever introduced into the American prisons.

This curious literary production is called "The Star of Hope."

A Bigger Fool Than He Looked.

ALTHOUGH lawyers are generally acknowledged to be very smart, they often find their match from the witness-box.

A good story is told of a barrister who prided himself on his youthful appearance. While cross-examining a young woman, he asked her the age of a person whom she knew quite well, and, not receiving a satisfactory reply, said, "How old do you think I am?" The witness, after carefully looking at him, replied, "Although from your appearance you might be sixty, by the questions you are asking me I should take you to be about sixteen."

Seventeen Wives.

IT is very seldom that we take up our daily paper without finding a case of bigamy. At times we read of a man who is not contented with two or even three wives, but there is at the present time a man in Warsaw gaol who might be termed the champion polygamist, he having gone through the marriage ceremony on seventeen different occasions, and, strangely enough, all his wives are still alive.

The Grave of the Innocent.

TO those who are at all superstitious the following mysterious circumstance will be of interest. In a certain churchyard at Montgomery there is a curious coffin-shaped grave, on which the grass refuses to grow. The story which is believed locally is that a young man who had resided in the neighbourhood was hanged for murdering his sweetheart; he declared to the last that he was innocent, and on the scaffold said that until it was proved that he was "not guilty" the grass would not grow over his grave. Strange to say, his prophecy has been fulfilled, for until the present day it has not grown there.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

H.—We are sure you are wrong.

ANXIOUS.—Declined with thanks.

F. L.—Thanks. Quite unsuitable.

CHAS. NICOL.—Yes, we possess the volume.

CERULEAN.—Not for us. Try the "Pink 'Un."

ENQUIRER.—Peace was only 5 ft. 1½ in. in height in his boots.

ZEALOUS.—Of course we are always glad to receive suggestions.

L. M. R.—You are wrong. Habron was only two years in gaol.

ANXIOUS.—No. The subject cannot be gone into. It would not be fair to the relatives.

X. T. R. M.—Your pseudonym describes your article. There is a law against indecency.

HELPER.—Your suggestion shall be attended to. We have often contemplated this matter.

"IS IT TRUE."—If you read it in FAMOUS CRIMES you may rely on the date being accurate.

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